The Outlook

JULY 11, 1923

SEIZING LIQUOR ON FOREIGN SHIPS

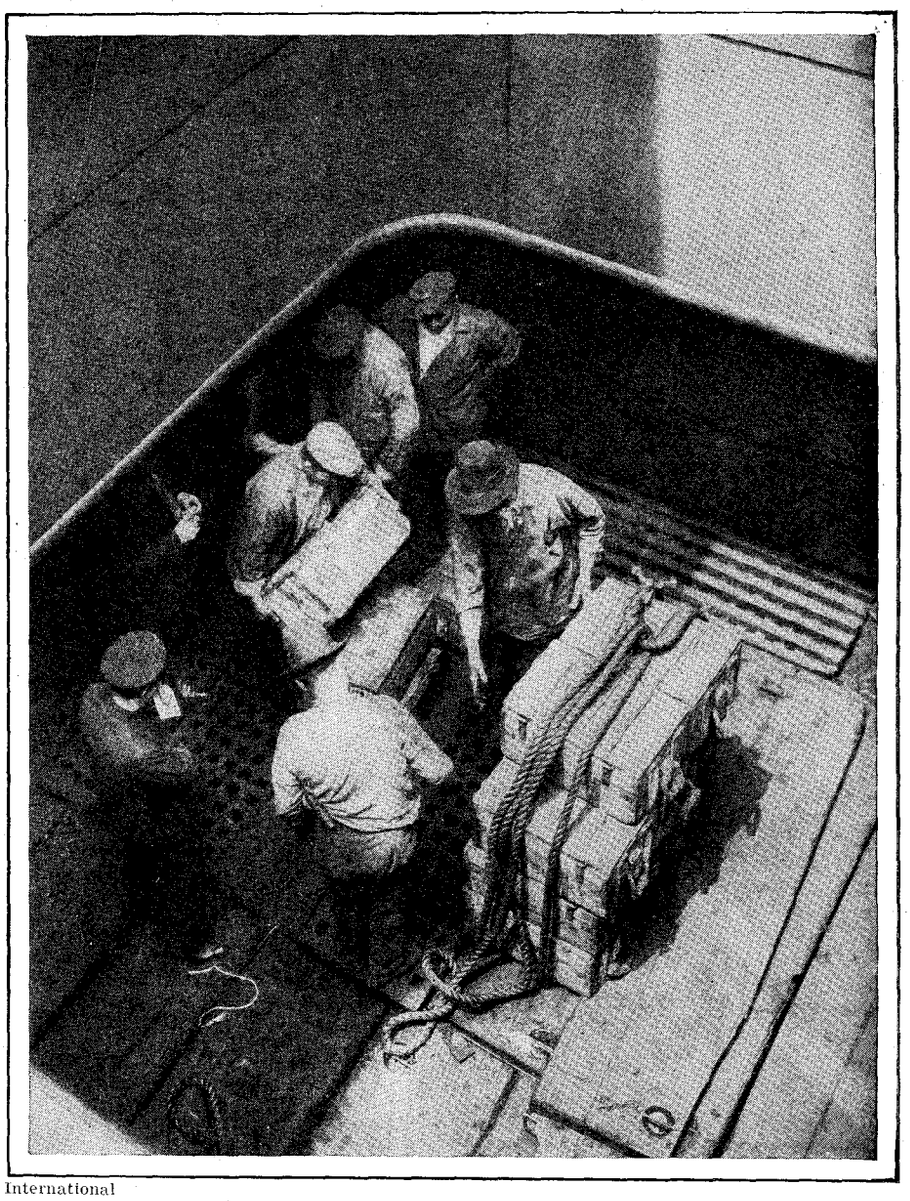
WHEN British ships were approaching America with intoxicating liquor to be placed under seal on arrival within American territorial waters, some fear was expressed over serious consequences that might follow if American Government officials broke those seals and seized the liquor. There was no occasion for fear. The outcome has been peaceful. Agents of the American Government have searched for liquor, found it, and seized it. There is no question that the storage of liquor even under seal, except for medicinal purposes, is contrary to American law, and there has been no real pretense on the part of any well-informed person that the seizure of such liquor is not technically justifiable under international law.

What the British Government virtually says is that, though technically justifiable, it is not promotive of the comity of nations.

The obvious reply is that rum running between British possessions in the West Indies and Bahamas is scarcely more promotive of international comity.

Thereupon there is raised the question as to what should be done about the liquor smugglers from British ports.

There seems to be a good deal of confusion as to the international law covering this controversy. There is British precedent, it may be said here, for the American contention as to the prevention of smuggling. This is a subject which we cannot consider at length here. In the meantime it is reported that the American Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Mellon, who is now in England, has declared that the rumor that the United States has contemplated the seizure of foreign ships bringing liquor into American ports was a pure invention. There is nothing in this controversy to get excited about; for the American Government is not acting without due knowledge of the limits of its rights.



International

U. S. GOVERNMENT CUSTOMS AND PROHIBITION OFFICIALS REMOVING LIQUOR FROM A BRITISH SHIP AT HER PIER IN NEW YORK CITY

A "WET" VOID FILLED

THE OUTLOOK recently told the story of a "Wet" who declined to renew his annual contribution to Berea College because the head of that excellent institution, Dr. William J. Hutchins, stands for the support of the Eighteenth Amendment. The publication of the correspondence between the head of Berea College and the ex-subscriber to Berea appeared in the issue for June 20. In a letter dated June 22 Dr. Hutchins received a check for $1,000 sent because of "the intolerant attitude adopted by your former contributor as shown in The Outlook." Dr. Hutchins writes, "I wish that my preaching could win such immediate results!"

"Immediate results" are not always the most permanent results, but when they are used for the support of such an institution as Berea they are well on their way towards permanently affecting American life. We'll be happy just to divide the credit for that contribution with Dr. Hutchins—not to mention the giver.

AMERICAN FREIGHT ON AMERICAN SHIPS

COMMISSIONER PLUMMER, of the United States Shipping Board, in an address delivered in Cincinnati, has outlined a plan under which he feels sure the Government-owned ships can be operated successfully and to the great advantage of the country. He would have every shipping firm in this country engage in furnishing freight for American ships. Every such firm would be supplied with a

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sheet showing the names, dates, and ports of every American ship sailing from the United States. In all the important ports of this country, he points out, there is already established a Shipping Board organization, and these men can see, as they do now, to the maintenance of the ships. The men who now operate and provide cargoes for the ships allocated to them can hereafter not only provide cargoes for those ships, but, knowing the sailing dates on every other American craft, may have the privilege, whenever they learn of freight in the market to go through another port, of booking that freight and reporting it to the district director at the port through which that cargo is to go.

Thus, says Commissioner Plummer, we can have the entire shipping force of the United States engaged in one definite work, every man receiving as pay for the service he renders a commission for every ton of freight he procures for American ships. "Then," he says, "with the freedom of action which Government operation permits, we shall know how to meet unfair competition."

He desires no rate war, but he is determined, he says, to carry out the duty laid upon the Shipping Board by the law under which it operates to see to it that American ships carry at least one-half of the ocean-borne commerce of this country. "That," he continues, "I demand in the interest of the American producer, in the interest of the American consumer, and in the interest of maintaining for our people proper freight rates which shall enable our goods to have a fair chance in the markets of the world." He makes it clear that this may not be the plan chosen, but that it is a plan under which the Government could operate its ships successfully for the time being. "I shall support," he says, "any better plan" that the committee now engaged upon the subject may report.

Some of the benefits that this plan would, in the opinion of the Commissioner, bring to the United States are illustrated by what has already occurred as the result of the operation of American ships. He points out that the constant and efficient service which American ships have been giving between the United States and South America has doubled United States trade there during the past year. It develops that Americans control nearly ninety per cent of the automobile trade in those countries, a control due mainly to the fact that the frequency of American ship sailings means prompt delivery and relief of local agents from the burden of carrying large stocks of machines on hand. The Shipping Board during the past year has built up a valuable trade between our Pacific ports and ports on the east coast of South America.

Two definite examples are cited of what American ships mean.

Prior to the war England operated to the east coast of South America a greater tonnage than it operated to Canada, the United States, and Caribbean ports combined. This is cited to show the vast markets in our own hemisphere lost to the United States for so many years because we had no ships.

Great Britain to-day has 124 regular line ships, to say nothing of tramps, operating to the ports of Brazil and Argentina, while we have less than half that number sailing from both our coasts to those points. "This," says Commissioner Plummer, "shows how much our trade there can and should be expanded."

THE MAN IN ALASKA THAT SECRETARY WALLACE IS LOOKING FOR

SECRETARY of Agriculture Wallace, on the eve of departure with the President's party for Alaska, said that his keenest interest in the trip is to meet those who say that the work of the Federal Government is throttling Alaska and retarding its proper development. "If there is anywhere in Alaska or this side of there," he said, "one man who can show me how the Department of Agriculture or any bureau of that Department is doing injustice to Alaska or Alaskan industry, he is the man I want to see." As a fact, he said, the Department is doing for Alaska the same service that it does for the States, but is paying for it wholly out of Federal money, while the States pay the bulk of the cost of many enterprises.

The Secretary disposed of the assertion that the population of Alaska is declining by calling attention to the fact that the Census of 1900 was taken in midsummer when the temporary population is greatest, the Census of 1910 in April, and that of 1920 in January, when the temporary population has all disappeared. The figures, he said, are not at all comparable. Then he cited an array of facts to prove that "development in Alaska as distinguished from exploitation is proceeding as fast perhaps as economic conditions permit." Here are some of the evidences of development between 1910 and 1920:

The number of farms increased 64 per cent, the acreage of improved land in farms 116 per cent, and the value of farm property 68 per cent. The value of buildings, live stock, implements, and machinery increased 77 per cent. While the number of families increased only 7 per cent, the number of children under fifteen years of age increased 50 per cent. The number of school-teachers increased 68 per cent. The number of towns and villages increased 115 per cent. Imports and exports, not including gold and silver, increased 238 per cent.

It is true, the Secretary said, that Alaskan imports decreased in 1922 as compared with 1920 to the extent of 28 per cent. But for the same period imports for the United States decreased 41 per cent. Exports of merchandise from Alaska decreased 16 per cent, but from the United States they decreased 53 per cent in the same period.

It is not likely that Secretary Wallace will meet the man who can convince him that the Administration at Washington is deliberately hamstringing Alaska; but he is likely to meet a number of men who agree with Sherman Rogers, The Outlook's Industrial Correspondent, that the Government of Alaska needs to be reorganized, simplified, and freed from bureaucracy.

HARDING'S LABOR POLICY

ACCOMPANIED by Mrs. Harding, by Secretary Work and General Sawyer, both physicians, by a naval surgeon, and by a train-load of reporters and secretaries, President Harding has been warmly greeted in the West. Whatever the people there may think of his policies, they evidently like him. People sat up in the night along his route to watch his train go by and wave to it. In this respect the greeting to Mr. Harding has been somewhat like that which Mr. Roosevelt received when he made his trip West of the Mississippi in 1910. In many of his extemporaneous addresses from the rear platform of his train, which is fitted with a radio transmission outfit, President Harding has emphasized his appeal for American support of the Court of International Justice.

At Helena, Montana, the President gave an account of his policy concerning industrial relations. The war, he said, showed that the producing capacity of the Nation was far in excess of anything that it had been supposed to be. The payment of large wages

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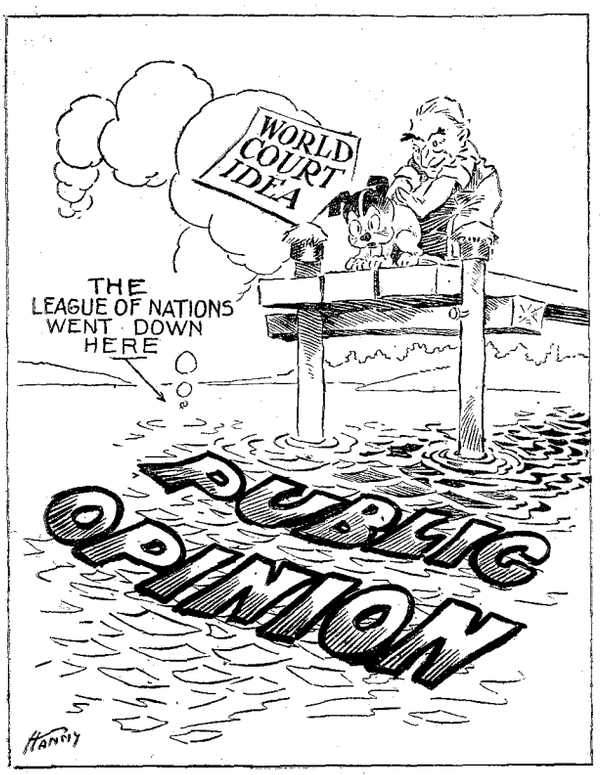
WHAT IS THE NEWS I' THE COURT?

(Winter's Tale, Act 1, Scene 2)

Hanny in the St. Paul Pioneer Press



THE ONLY WAY TO TEACH A PUP TO SWIM

From Florence C. Austin, St. Paul, Minn.

Thomas in the Detroit News

IT MAY BE A GOOD EGG BUT I DONT LIKE ITS MOTHER!
WHAT OF IT? WE ARE NOT EATING HER
IRRECONCILABLE
WORLD COURT
HARDING
LEAGUE OF NATIONS

THE EGG WON'T KEEP FOREVER

From Clark Kinnaird, Detroit, Mich.

Clubb in the Rochester Herald

PACKING UP

From William E. Roser, Rochester, N. Y.

Hanny in the St. Paul Pioneer Press

NOW TO GET THE FAMILY'S CONSENT

From Florence C. Austin, St. Paul, Minn.

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and the allowance of large profits stimulated industry so greatly that the destructiveness of war was in a large measure overbalanced. If war ever comes again, we must, urged the President, draft not only man power for fighting but all of capital, industry, agriculture, commerce, every talent and capacity and energy. This would prevent one sordid side of war. There was another side, however, the President pointed out, in all this, for "there was a leveling up from the lower strata and downward from the higher." This has put labor in a new position, for it is "more and more coming to be the financier and backer of its own employment," indeed "becoming more and more a capitalist on its own account." This has created a feeling in some quarters of opposition to organized labor and a disposition to overthrow labor organizations. On the other hand, there has been a tendency to force the nationalization of some of our important industries and services in the interest of organized labor. The Administration, said Mr. Harding, has stood against extremists on both sides, and in doing so has, he believes, represented the sound judgment of the great majority of American people. "The best test of policy," said the President, "is by its results. . . . For our vindication we point to a great nation, its credit preserved, its industries crowded to the point of capacity production, its people employed, its wage scales high beyond all comparison with any other in the world, its banking system standing as the final bulwark of sound money and of the gold standard, and its average level of comfort and prosperity unexampled among the races of men." Apart from the tragedy of it, the President welcomed the experiment in Russia, for he believed that its failure is "going to rivet anew our belief in established social order."

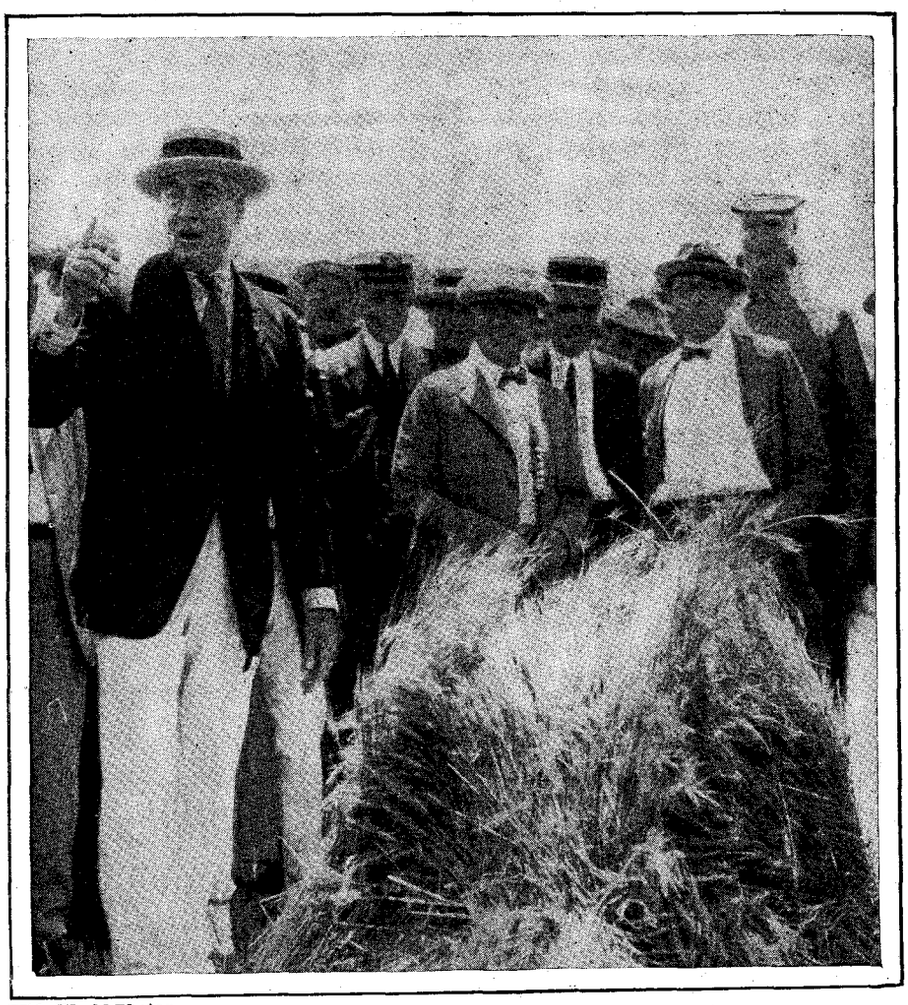
COMMENTS BY ORGANIZED LABOR'S SPOKESMAN

PRESIDENT GOMPERS, of the American Federation of Labor, sees in the President's speech at Helena, Montana, an unjustifiable effort to "hold the scales even" between labor and capital. "Holding the scales even" in a case like this, he says, is not a proper function of Government and many will be puzzled by the President's effort.

Labor, Mr. Gompers continues, is glad to have the President's emphatic declaration that his Administration has tried to prevent the destruction of organized labor. But labor, he says, requires something more than a speech before it can go into a tumult of applause "over this late profession of faith." Organized labor by its own efforts, he says, had already thwarted the purposes of as powerful an oligarchy "as ever sought to put the chains of helplessness on wage-earners."

At the proper time, he says, the whole career of the Administration must pass in review. "Obviously," he continues, "this is not the time. But this is the time to say that a declaration such as the President has just made is welcome for itself and for what it may mean in the future." He believes that the President is sincere in not wanting unions destroyed. If by their conduct the unions have convinced the President of their value to the Republic and to humanity, there is, he says, "reason to be grateful because, above all, the unions strive for understanding—to be understood and to understand."

Both President Harding and Mr. Gompers seem to assume that labor and capital are necessarily organized in two great opposing camps. In spite of what Mr. Gompers says concerning the endeavor of unions to understand and to be understood, he speaks as one who resents any effort on the part of the President of the United States to recognize industrial managers except as leaders in the camp of labor's enemy; and even President Harding, with his conciliatory disposition, regards his own function as that of a mediator between hostile forces. There can be no solution of our industrial problems so long as leaders either of capital or of labor or of the people as a whole regard industry as a form of war. Industrial statesmanship today consists in the ability to see the interests that wage-earners and managers and investors have in common, and to point the way to methods of partnership between them.



Wide World Photos

PRESIDENT HARDING, EN ROUTE TO ALASKA, STOPS OFF AT HUTCHINSON, KANSAS, AND GIVES A DEMONSTRATION IN WHEAT STACKING

"This is the way we did it in Ohio," the President is saying after he, Governor Davis of Kansas, and Senator Capper had completed the job

IS THIS A NEW BALLINGER CASE?

WHEN a man, after nearly forty years in the service of the United States Government and without any charges against him, is summarily dismissed from a position of authority and importance, it becomes

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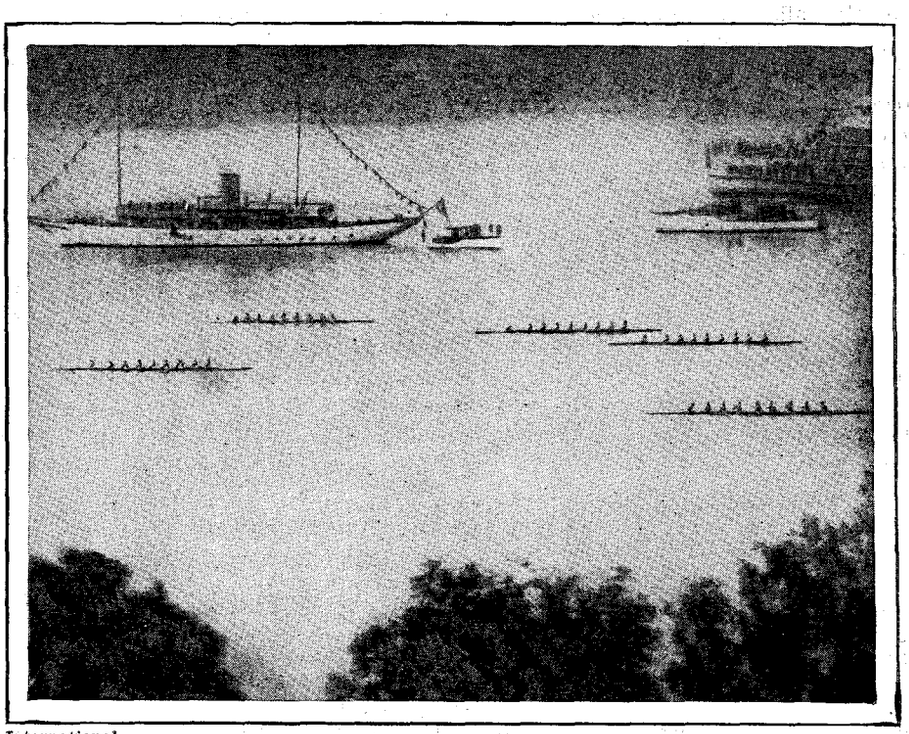
a public duty to inquire into the reason. We have therefore asked of the Department of the Interior why Mr. Arthur P. Davis, Director of the United States Reclamation Service, should have been virtually dismissed. Mr. Davis began his public work when he was twenty-three years old as a topographer in the United States Geological Survey. In barely more than ten years he became hydrographer in charge of all Government stream measurements, and soon afterwards was put in charge of the hydrographic examination of the Nicaragua and Panama Canal routes. Under President Roosevelt he became Chief Engineer of the United States Reclamation Service, and in 1914, about eight years afterwards, became its Director. As an engineer he has the highest standing; as an administrator he has shown both courage and discretion. Governor Pinchot, who as United States Forester has good reason to know him, permits us to quote him as saying: "In a long experience with Government officials I have never known a better public servant than Arthur P. Davis."

In the absence of Secretary Work on the President's party in the West it has been impossible to get a direct statement from the head of the Department which was responsible for the dismissal, but we have what purports to be an interview with Secretary Work, in which the Secretary is quoted as saying:

> We don't need two engineers in charge of the Reclamation Service. In the future the Service head will be known as the Chief of the Bureau of Reclamation, and will be qualified, first, to aid the farmers rather than supervise engineering works on the projects.

Secretary Work says, according to this interview, that of the $135,000,000 expended in the twenty-six reclamation projects the farmers benefited had paid back only $15,000,000. Mr. D. W. Davis, former Governor of Ohio, who will become Bureau Chief, not Director of the Reclamation Bureau, as Mr. A. P. Davis was, "will help the homesteaders to become successful farmers and pay off their debts."

In protest against this dismissal, the Federated Engineering Society, comprising thousands of engineers in twenty-eight engineering societies, has communicated its concern to the Department of the Interior. It regards this action as likely to undermine the morale of all technical offices of the Government.



International

THE UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON CREW (AT THE RIGHT) WINNING THE 'VARSITY BOAT RACE AT POUGHKEEPSIE

Washington precedes the Navy eight by a narrow margin. Columbia is third, Syracuse fourth, Cornell fifth, and Pennsylvania last

It has been feared that this dismissal is a result of pressure from interests which have not found Arthur P. Davis compliant.

The Pinchot-Ballinger case was the beginning of the end of the Taft Administration, and it started with the dismissal of an employee in a very subordinate position. The Harding Administration should recognize the importance of avoiding a repetition of that case. The public should have the facts authoritatively and promptly.

THEY CROSSED THE CONTINENT AND WON

THE rowing event of widest interest to the country at large is, undoubtedly, the regatta at Poughkeepsie. This year Washington, the Naval Academy, Columbia, Syracuse, Cornell, and Pennsylvania were entered in the annual three-mile race, and they finished in the order in which their names appear. The picture on this page illustrates the closeness of the finish.

The University of Washington certainly deserves every credit for its triumph. Yale had borrowed the coach, Mr. Leader, whose outstanding work for the University of Washington had made its crews nationally famous in racing circles. Under a new coach, Mr. Callow, the Far Western crew faced the most dangerous competition which can be found. Added to this, the stroke of the Washington crew acquired an infected knee a short while before the race and he rowed under a severe physical handicap.

A NEW MEANING FOR AN OLD WORD

ACCORDING to a special cable to the New York "Times," "Ten Belgian soldiers were killed and a score of others badly wounded when a bomb exploded early this morning on a Duisburg-Hochfeld train as it was passing over the Hochfeld bridge spanning the Rhine. Nine of the wounded men are expected to die."

And yet there are people who persist in calling the German resistance in the Ruhr "passive."

A PRIZE FOR PEACE

AS an editor Edward W. Bok showed that he had to an unusual degree that sense which discerns what is unexpressed in the minds of multitudes. He performed the function which a radio receiver performs of transforming inaudible currents into intelligible language. Now that he has retired from the "Ladies' Home Journal" he is exercising his faculty in a new way. Instead of writing editorials or securing articles for publication, he has offered a prize. In doing this he has expressed what is in the minds of countless Americans. Perhaps nowhere in the world as in America is there such belief in the power of magic formulas to elevate mankind; and possibly no-

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where else in the world does the belief prevail so widely that mankind needs for its elevation nothing quite so much as peace. So Mr. Bok has offered a prize of a hundred thousand dollars for a practical plan by which the United States can co-operate with the rest of the world in achieving and preserving world peace.

It is stipulated that half of the hundred thousand dollars will be paid to the proposer of a plan which meets the approval of a Jury of Award, and that the other half will be paid when the plan is accepted by the United States Senate or by what the Jury of Award considers "an adequate degree of popular support."

The offer of this prize is an indication that we are still in a period of widespread mental and moral fatigue. It is when people are tired that they think they want peace above all things. It is the tired mother that would rather have peace than see that the younger child is not bullied by the older or that the older child does not suffer from the very weakness of the younger. It is the tired business man that prefers peace in his establishment to a successful conduct of it and to a fair division of its profits. It is the tired community that prefers peace to the troublesome task of rooting out corruption.

And it is the tired mother and the tired business man and the tired community that are the least likely to get the peace they seek. The child who imposes his strength or his weakness upon his brother or sister because he knows he can get what he wants by threatening a disturbance is the very child that causes disturbance. The business concern in which profits and fair dealing are alike sacrificed for the avoidance of trouble is the very concern in which trouble is most likely to occur. The community which suffers corruption in order to avoid the task of eradicating it is the very community in which disorder is most likely to prevail.

Peace comes to those who are the readiest to sacrifice it to a higher aim. It cannot be secured by those who seek it for its own sake. It can never be secured by pursuit. It comes only to those who believe in justice and practice it.

And justice cannot be obtained by any formula. It cannot be secured by plans or schemes, by constitutions or covenants or by-laws. It is a product of the spirit. And it will never come to those who care less for it than they care for peace. But when men care more for justice than for peace they will find justice bringing peace with it.

We are therefore not interested in schemes for peace; but we are interested in any efforts that are made to promote and facilitate the spirit and practices of justice. If mothers were not merely content to love their children but were determined to be just with them, there would be more peaceful homes. If business managers were less concerned about avoiding friction and more concerned about doing justice, there would be less industrial strife. And if nations would forget for a while their wearied yearning for peace and would set their minds to promoting justice, there would be less liability to war.

Law is one of the means of justice. Therefore in the settlement of all questions that can be decided by courts the spirit of the law should be supreme. This is as true in relations between nations as it is in the relations between men.

For this reason there has grown up a body of international law. And for this reason there has come into existence at last a Permanent Court of International Justice. There are certain kinds of questions that cannot be submitted to that Court. That fact does not lessen in the least the importance of the questions that can be. One of the essentials in promoting the spirit of justice among nations is to make that Permanent Court of International Justice universal in its scope. If America is in earnest in its search for justice, she will find some way of giving that Court her sanction and of acknowledging the validity of its decisions.

Law, however, is not the only means of justice. The spirit of justice is not content merely with legal decisions. It must find expression in common activities and the practice of co-operation. Justice has been promoted quite as effectively and probably more commonly by team-work in humdrum tasks than in any other way. Nations as well as individuals have tasks in common. For years they have carried on jointly, for example, their international postal system. They are now discovering in commerce, in the protection of women and children, in the control of narcotics, in the administration of international finance, and in many other fields the need of team-work. In the administration of affairs that no one nation could possibly manage alone international commissions have become indispensable. If there were some way of organizing these various commissions, bringing them together under one common association which would be solely administrative, it would serve the cause of international justice more continuously than any other means. Perhaps the League of Nations, in spite of its pretentious title, in spite of its Covenant, will develop into some such administrative body. If America could induce the League of Nations to do away with its Covenant and to concentrate its attention on its function of organizing these international commissions for the purpose of carrying on the necessary, unexciting, administrative work that nations should jointly do, she might greatly promote the spirit of justice.

If nations, however, are to develop justice in their relations to one another, it is not sufficient for them to establish a court for the administration of international law; it is not sufficient for them to engage together in administrative work; it is necessary for them to find some way by which they can determine their policies in their relations with one another without clashing. In this too little credit has been given of late years to the constant labors of Ambassadors and Foreign Offices. For much of the development of international justice in the future nations must rely upon the development of the spirit of justice in diplomats. But there is more that can be done and has been done. When nations cannot come to an agreement on conflicting policies, they can and, if possible, they ought to resort to arbitration. No law court can take the place of arbitration tribunals, because no law court is fitted to consider questions of policy and to promote compromises between them. And more even than that. Nations can not only accommodate themselves to one another through diplomatic means, they can not only accept compromises offered them by others, but they can learn to create joint policies. Indeed, they have done so. At Washington a number of the most important nations of the world came to a common agreement concerning their naval policies, their policies in the Far East, and their policies on certain other important subjects. The treaties, particularly the Four-Power Pacific Treaty, produced by that Conference, which are now in operation, though they have not even all been ratified, point the way toward justice.

We are not interested particularly in international peace; we are greatly

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interested in the establishment of international justice. Mr. Bok's plan may bring forth some scheme or plan that will soothe the tired, but we do not believe it will serve the purpose for which it is intended unless it really abandons the thought of peace as an object and devotes itself to the study of methods by which nations can in the interest of justice establish and promote international law, develop international co-operation in commonplace administrative tasks, and show the way toward the adjustment of conflicting international wills by mutual understanding through conference.

AMERICA'S MURDER RECORD

IT is a proven fact that the number of homicides in this country as compared with, say, England or France, and in American large cities as compared with foreign large cities, is out of proportion to population, and therefore an indication of excessive criminal activity. The discrepancy appears to be increasing, although not rapidly. There are several reasons ascribed for this deplorable record—and it is deplorable because crime, instead of increasing, should decrease as civilization goes on.

Probably several causes combine to produce this condition. One that has been urged repeatedly and has substance in it is the comparative laxity in enforcement of our criminal law. Under the laws of the States the privilege of appeal and retrial and pardoning by executive clemency is undoubtedly wider than it is abroad. Justice does sometimes move with rapidity and just severity here; but in England, it is said by many American lawyers, that is the rule and not the exception. The law's delays in the United States are extreme, and delay too often means failure of justice. Another cause that makes the comparison unfavorable to this country is that we still have outlying sections in which law is not respected as it should be; America is not exactly a new country, but if we were to compare our statistics as to homicide with those of the British Empire at large, or those of France, including her possessions, a different ratio might be shown. Still another reason may be found in our unhappy race hatreds, and by some another reason that is alleged is the reflex from the violence of war time.

An interesting and illuminating report on this subject has just been published in a well-known insurance journal of New York, the "Spectator." The article is written by Dr. Frederick L. Hoffman, and is the record for 1922 as relates to twenty-eight American cities with a total population of over twenty million. In these cities there were 1,877 homicides, or about nine to each hundred thousand of the population. This is just a very small fraction above the rate for the previous year, and the author expresses a hope that now "the murder tide may at last have turned." Yet in Chicago the homicide rate advanced in 1922 to 11.8 from 10.8 in 1917, despite the fact that the Chicago Crime Commission has done fine work in keeping the subject before the attention of the Chicago public.

The bad record among these cities is held by Memphis, which had the enormous rate of 67.4 per hundred thousand in 1922. Nashville, New Orleans, and St. Louis are the only other American cities that have extraordinary bad rates, ranging from 30.7 for the first down to 16.9 for the last. The low rate of Eastern and Middle States homicides as compared with those just named may be significant, although the honor of holding the low record goes to Spokane, Washington, which had precisely one homicide to every hundred thousand of its population.

On the whole, careful study of these figures does not altogether bear out the pessimistic comment of the "Spectator," that "murder has become a safe trade, and the Government and public view the most appalling situation on record with indifference, if not with a lack of serious concern."

Just about a year ago, a writer in The Outlook, in dealing with the subject of "The Crime Wave and Law Enforcement," stated that in 1918 there were twenty times as many murders in each one hundred thousand in Cleveland as in London; that in 1921 Chicago had proportionately fourteen times as many murders as did Berlin; that "there is more crime among the two hundred thousand Sicilians in Chicago than there is among the four million in Sicily;" and that in 1913 the United States had proportionately eight times as many murders as Canada.

This sounds like a stronger indictment than that in the insurance paper's figures, and it is quite possible that despite those figures the condition is growing better and not worse. At all events, it is serious enough to call for wise, patient, and continued effort on the part of lawmakers and law-enforcers.

Several years ago the late Lyman Abbott, then Editor-in-Chief of The Outlook, commented on an utterance by a New York judge to the effect that most men criminals brought before him "are there because of their intent and desire of getting something without giving an equivalent therefor," while the women offenders were generally influenced in their criminal activities by bad men, and the young criminals, "infants" in the eye of the law, were offenders because of the lack of home government. Dr. Abbott's comment was:

> The fundamental condition of successful dealing with wrong-doers is a sense of justice. Any assumption that they could not help doing wrong and are unfortunate victims, not sinners, is fatal. But, on the other hand, history has demonstrated that the deterrent power of fear is founded on fallacy. Fear has very little effect in preventing wrong-doing. There should be punishment, but the object of the punishment should always be to cure crime, not merely to prevent it; to change the inward disposition of the offender so that his desires will be virtuous, not vicious; to create in him the desire to render service to society and so displace the desire to get out of society something for nothing.

What Dr. Abbott said then as to the cause and treatment of crime and criminals is quite as true now, and it applies to homicide as well as to other criminal acts.

THE OBSTINATE NEW TURKS

THE second Lausanne Conference has exhausted the months of May and June without any definite results. The London "Times" pessimistically remarks that "plums and winter apples may ripen in their season and see the Conference still sitting," and a New York newspaper declares that this second meeting of the Powers "seems to have been less a conference than an exhibition of Turkish craft and defiance."

It is but fair to the Allies, however, to declare that they have evidently done their best to act in harmony. They realize that the present phase of the Near Eastern situation is due to the fact that previous to the routing of the Greek army by the forces of Kemal the Allies were in veiled hostility with one another; that they treated a critical situation with divided counsels and inconsistent purposes; that the evil done then still

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causes a black shadow on future peace. Now they are doing their best to straighten out the terribly crooked and complicated situation. They have been patient and liberal to a fault in yielding and in recognizing the new position of Turkey, Greece, and the Balkans in relation to one another and in relation to international safety.

How critical the situation has been is indicated by the remark of The Outlook's editorial correspondent at Lausanne in a recent letter, that many at Lausanne expected that war would break out between Greece and Turkey "at midnight last night"—that is, May 27. Not since the Turkish army threatened the small British force at Chanak has there been a more critical moment. Yet this particular crisis has become a thing of the past. Its history is that of only one phase of the questions involved in this Conference, that of the reparations question. It must be remembered that theoretically Turkey is even now at war with the Allies, for the treaty agreed upon at Sèvres was never ratified.

Turkey came to these recent conferences a nation thoroughly defeated in a big war and thoroughly victorious in a small war. She has no idea of paying a dollar of reparation for the damage she did as an ally of Germany, but she has demanded full compensation for her injuries in the little war of last year. Under the understanding reached at the first Lausanne Conference, the two claims were to have been offset. But, as in the case of much else of the tentative programme agreed upon at the first Conference but not put into the form of a treaty, Turkey was allowed to reopen this matter at the new Conference. She went back to her old idea—that Turkey should pay nothing for her wrongdoing, but that Greece should pay Turkey four billion francs in gold for the damage done by the Greeks in their retreat from Asia Minor.

This was more than Greek pride and Greek temper could stand. Troops were on the march when that master of diplomacy, Veniselos, proposed and carried through a compromise by which certain Thracian territory, promised by the Allies to Greece and occupied by her since 1918—namely, the town and surrounding territory of Karagatch, containing the railway station for Adrianople (now Turkish), and situated across the Maritsa River—should be ceded to Turkey. The Turks instantly asked for still more territory, so that they could hold the Maritsa Railway, running from Karagatch to Lule-Burgas. The Greeks showed plainly that if Turkey did not yield within ten days they would strike with eighty thousand troops. The Turks waited till the last minute, and then gave in.

What would have happened if war had broken out anew in the crisis just described? A letter from our correspondent, Mr. Baldwin, says:

> An attack by Greece on Turkey or Turkey on Greece would mean first of all war between those two states, but, sooner or later, would probably mean a Balkan blaze. Greece, Serbia, and Rumania would be not unlikely lined up against Turkey and Bolshevist Russia and possibly Bulgaria. In turn, this war would with difficulty be kept in the Balkans. Hungary and Germany would see their chance to fish in troubled waters. It would require both the Little and the Great Ententes to hold them in check. Indeed, ultimately, we might have the World War all over again.

Here we have a practical insight into what this Near Eastern question means. The Balkans for years before the Great War were a recognized danger spot in Europe; they are so to-day. Jugoslavia and Rumania and other countries in less degree have interests relating to the frontier disputes between Greece and Turkey. Bulgaria is a source of danger. The Great Powers cannot afford to let the little nations become involved in serious war. Yet the danger is ever present.

Beyond this aspect is still a wider one. In all their dealings with the Near East, France and Germany and Italy, try as they will to be fair, cannot help being influenced by their views of the big international situation in Europe, so that such problems as that of the Ruhr and of German reparations have a bearing and influence on the Near East situation, while the reverse is also true.

Americans, who look at this effort at Lausanne to quiet the troubled waters of the Near East as something remote and inconsiderable, should learn to recognize in it the elements of world-wide danger or world-wide peace. Few of us ever heard the name of the little town in Austria in which a certain Archduke was assassinated until that world-shaking incident occurred.

The editorial correspondence about Lausanne from Mr. Baldwin printed in this issue ends with the words "The Turk is triumphing." Since that letter was written the Lausanne Conference has apparently made no considerable advance toward framing an actual treaty or treaties—a separate treaty between Turkey and the United States is under negotiation outside the Conference. There has been what has been called an exchange of ultimatums; that is, a refusal on both sides to accept the insistent demands of the other. There has also been an unexpected move, in that Russia has been invited to send delegates back to Lausanne to sign the Dardanelles Straits agreement, if a treaty is completed. The Turks and the Allies have reached a compromise on this subject—the only subject in which Russia has any right to speak. It was supposed that Russia had positively refused to sign, but she is now given the chance to come back for the one purpose if she wishes to.

The subjects which this present Conference was supposed to consider were those relating to the Capitulations and some economic provisions. As a matter of fact, the Turks have made an immense amount of trouble by reopening the question of the old Turkish debt, and this has acutely annoyed the French, who are supposed by some to be unduly friendly to Turkish pretensions. A very large part of the Ottoman debt is held by French bondholders, and the Turkish proposal to pay it in debased currency has stirred up righteous wrath in France.

Even more trouble swirls about the subject of the Capitulations. These exist under treaty rights and for the protection of foreign commerce and for the safety of foreigners generally. The Turks abrogated these privileges without so much as asking consent. They still obstinately refuse to make an arrangement which would afford true and adequate protection. As to the safeguards for minority populations, the situation is thoroughly unsatisfactory. Incredible as it seems, there is great danger that a treaty may be signed which will not include any sort of protection for the lives or property of Armenians or Greeks or other races living under the Turkish Government.

One hopeful aspect of the situation is that in this second Conference the New Turks have shown a less arrogant disposition. In the first Conference our correspondent noted Turkey's "really insane insistence on sovereignty." No one wants to deny the New Turkey powers necessary to conduct its Government as other nations do theirs, but the men now in power at Angora ought to remember that their country emerged from a disastrous

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war broken and helpless, and that only through the folly and jealousy and land-craving of its former enemies has it to-day far more territory and in every way a stronger position than it possessed before it went into the war in 1914. It ought, therefore, if not humbly at least thankfully, to recognize its good fortune and to show some degree of respect to the united opinion of Europe.

GUARD YELLOWSTONE PARK

A MONTANA newspaper, the Billings "Gazette," reprints in full a recent editorial in The Outlook entitled "Hands Off the National Parks," which had to do with a proposed survey in the Yellowstone Park to determine the possibilities of the storage of water for irrigation, or, as the "Gazette" now asserts, to prevent overflow of lands in the Yellowstone Valley. This Montana newspaper maintains that "the East misunderstands the whole proposition," and that protection for Montana towns and fields is urgently needed.

The editorial in The Outlook explicitly stated that the questions of fact involved are for experts to settle; that Congress should take such expert testimony, and that any survey necessary should be carried on by the Government and not by an association of individuals in Montana, and should be paid for by the Government, not in whole or in part by any one else. This we repeat. It is, or should be, a mere commonplace to say also that nothing should be done in the Yellowstone Park which would injure its beauty and value as a park unless it is shown that some imperative need cannot be dealt with in any other way.

It would be obvious folly for an editor, or any one else who has not studied the facts on the spot, to say on his own authority precisely what the facts are, but the principle just enunciated is beyond dispute.

Congress has made some investigation into this subject. The proposal as stated by its advocates is that a concrete structure with a regulating weir should be built beneath the bridge which now crosses the Yellowstone River in the Park at the outlet of Yellowstone Lake. This is described as a regulating weir and not a dam, and it is urged that no injury whatever would be done to the Park as a park. The Montana paper declares that the people of its State are proud of Yellowstone Park and would be the last to favor anything like commercialism of its resources or injury to its beauty.

Still, be the facts what they may be, the force of our former editorial holds good—"Hands Off the National Parks." An exception should be made only in case of undisputed proof by experts that what is desired will not injure the Park and is the only thing that will prevent serious damage in the valley below the Park. We express no opinion as to the result of such an inquiry as should finally settle the disputed claims. We note, however, that in a hearing before the Irrigation Committee of the United States Senate several editorials from a Montana paper, the Livingston "Enterprise," were presented, in all of which the emphasis was laid on irrigation and the storage of water, and not on the avoidance of danger from spring floods, although that point was raised incidentally. It was asserted at the hearing that the activity in Montana followed an attempt of Idaho people to be allowed to take the waters of Lake Yellowstone through tunnels into Idaho, and one of the editorials just referred to states that the object of the organization of the Montana people was to defeat the Idaho plan and, in substance, to get the water of Yellowstone Lake for irrigation purposes. The report of the organization meeting shows that the Montana people were opposed "to sharing the waters of Yellowstone Lake with Idaho users, because there was not enough run-off from the Lake to irrigate any more than the Montana land."

Expert engineer testimony was presented before the Senate Committee to show that proper irrigation facilities could be furnished by placing the dam and reservoir outside of the Park, that is, further down the river; and if this is so, that would apply to dealing with the inundation difficulty also. The Superintendent of the Yellowstone Park and the chief civil engineer of the National Park Service declared positively that "the control of the floods on the lower Yellowstone River by the proposed dam cannot be assured, and can be better regulated otherwise." The Superintendent, Mr. Albright, also described in great detail the injury that would be done to the Park itself under the proposals made, and well-known friends of park preservation, such as Frederick Law Olmsted and J. Horace McFarland, deplored the proposed damming of the waters of the Yellowstone within the Park.

Bearing in mind attempts in the past to commercialize the water power of the parks under pretense of irrigation, flood prevention, or furnishing water supply to cities, it is not out of place for the people of the country, who have a strong interest in the preservation of the National Parks, to demand that nothing be done in this matter without thorough investigation by Congress. If the contentions of our Montana contemporary are sound, and are shown to be sound, no harm will be done by such an investigation. If, on the other hand, action is taken by the Department or by Congress without full knowledge of the facts, the injury done to the Yellowstone Park may be irreparable.

COAL

A SUMMER DISCOURSE ON WINTER FUEL

BY LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT
CONTRIBUTING EDITOR OF THE OUTLOOK

AT a time when the country has just passed through the worst spell of hot weather it has suffered in years it seems ridiculous to talk, or even to think, about suffering from lack of heat next winter. But men of foresight know that the military adage, "In time of peace prepare for war," has a parallel adage of social economics, "In time of heat prepare for cold." Coal miners are men of foresight. They know that the supply of coal is not keeping up with the increasing demand. So the Anthracite Mine Workers assembled at Scranton, Pennsylvania, have just agreed to demand a twenty per cent increase in wages. The organized operators will of course oppose the demand. Whether this conflict of interests can be settled by conference or whether it means another great battle in the state of war under which the coal industry is now carried on it is yet too soon to tell.

As in other great basic American industries, the coal operators are divided into two groups. There are, on the one hand, the ultra-conservatives, who regard their coal mines as private property and who indignantly defend their right to fix wages and conditions of labor for their workmen

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and prices and supplies for their customers. The other group consists of the liberals, who recognize that coal-mining, like railway transportation, is a public, or at any rate a semi-public, utility in which the workers have the right to organize for self-protection and mutual benefit and the public has the right to demand reasonable supplies of coal at reasonable prices.

The American Mining Congress is the National organization of mine owners and operators (including coal operators). It has recently organized a "division of industrial co-operation" with a platform, from which I quote the following significant passages:

> Future peace of industry will not be found in "organized employers" and "organized employees" that are created to fight each other. This has been tried for half a century and failed.
>
> There is a common ground upon which every employer and employee can meet, and this common ground is born of confidence, and sustained through a recognition of interdependence.
>
> The mining industry needs the regenerating influence of reciprocal relations between employer and employee. There is no other road to permanent industrial peace.

This is sound, liberal doctrine, and was ratified, after free discussion, at a luncheon of members of the Mining Congress held not long ago at the Bankers' Club in New York.

Somewhat to my surprise—for I have no interest in mining except as a consumer—I was invited to that luncheon, and, still more to my surprise, I was unexpectedly called upon to speak. Perhaps this courtesy was shown me because The Outlook has long been profoundly interested in the so-called labor question. Indeed, the term "industrial democracy" was coined, I believe, in this office and first used in this periodical. Political democracy is the system by which the citizens of a state shall have some power in choosing its administrators and determining its conditions of life; religious democracy is the system which enables the worshiper to exercise a choice in the adoption of creeds, rituals, and ecclesiastical leaders; industrial democracy is that state of social economics in which the worker shall have a voice in choosing the management and in regulating conditions of labor. Religious democracy was established by the Reformation. Political democracy, germinating in Magna Charta, was confirmed and made permanent by the English, French, and American Revolutions. The industrial world is now going through a period of ferment out of which will rise, I am confident, a form of industrial democracy in which there will be a higher development of economic and social justice than the world has yet seen.

It was with some such thoughts in the back of my mind that I spoke at the luncheon of the Mining Congress. Perhaps what I said may help others to formulate their own views, and so I venture to reprint here the stenographic report of my address as it was first printed in the "Mining Congress Journal:"

It seems ungracious to be disagreeable on an occasion of this kind, but the first thing I have to say is disagreeable, or will be, to the coal operators present. The coal industry is the most hated industry in the United States to-day. It is hated by consumers as well as by labor. I think this may be stated as an actual fact. It is so hated that there is a proposal —supported by a very large number of intelligent and reasonable citizens —to take the coal industry and railroad transportation out of the hands of private operation, and turn them over to the Government. If you want this done, don't hold a Mining Congress. If you don't want it done, and you desire, as I do, to have the coal industry and the industry of railroad transportation retained under private management, I think the Mining Congress and the Industrial Co-operation Committee of that Congress are very wise things to promote.

My belief is that there are three factors that will save the coal industry and the railroad industry from Governmental operation, and retain them in the hands of private operation, where I want to see them retained.

The first factor is law and order. There can be no progress made in American life and industry unless we have law and order. To establish and maintain legal and orderly procedure is the first thing that must be done. Before any question of co-operation, profit sharing, or welfare is settled the citizens—whether coal operators, coal miners, editors, or what not—will have to unite in establishing the principle of law and order. That is the first factor, and it must be taken hold of with courage, even if to do so robs us of some of our property.

The second factor—I want to avoid the word "partnership," to which the previous speaker has objected—is co-operation. Some way must be discovered by which the workers, the managers, and the investors can co-operate. I used to think that this problem of co-operation was essentially a problem of profit sharing. I do not think so any longer. Money is not at the bottom of this thing at all, in spite of the fact that many of the organized labor unions are demanding what I believe to be preposterous wages. The fundamental desire of the workingmen is to have a voice in their industries as to the conditions of labor as well as a voice regarding the sharing of the products of labor. At the present moment it seems to me that the best method of co-operation is what is commonly known as the shop committee plan. This method has proved successful in the Pennsylvania Railroad and in many great individual industries. It is the line along which is to be found the most hope to-day for peaceful co-operation in industry.

The third factor is publicity. Mr. Coolidge [a well-known coal operator of Boston] has been talking to me during luncheon, and he says that the coal operators cannot get their side of labor controversies into the daily newspapers. I am not willing to admit this so far as my own journal is concerned. We want to, and do, present both sides. But, in any event, you must have publicity. If you cannot get it through the news columns, you must get it through advertising. I say this with a little reticence, because I am interested in advertising; but I assure you that I am not soliciting advertising for the periodical with which I am connected. I don't see why you coal operators cannot combine and present the facts, if you are willing to have the facts known, to the general public through advertising, if you cannot obtain what you think you ought as news. If necessary, reduce your profits; spend some of your money in advertising, as an operating expense; and give the public the facts.

One of the essential qualities of influential publicity is to tell the complete truth. The mutual life insurance companies are compelled by law in New York State to make each year a complete statement of all expenditures. They print the salaries of their executive officers, the commissions of their agents, and the fees of their directors. The public can see exactly how the money is spent. This principle, to a large extent, has been adopted in National banks. The National bank makes a statement, and depositors and borrowers know how much is assigned to surplus, to un-

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divided profits, to this, to that, and to the other thing. This is not always pleasant. I am not sure that I like it myself; I am not sure that I want to give the public all the items and details of my income. But I am certain that we have got to stand this unpleasantness if the semi-public industries like coal, and oil, and railroads are to be saved from Government ownership and operation. The cards must be laid upon the table, face up, and without any concealing of aces up the sleeves; this is what I mean by publicity. Recall how publicity has operated in the case of the United States Steel Corporation and the Standard Oil Company. When I was a boy and a young man, the Standard Oil Company was probably the most hated industry in the United States. Then came along the United States Steel Corporation, which was organized with an enormous capital, dealing in a product more essential to the American home than the product of the Standard Oil Company, because steel goes into almost every part of the home, from shingle nails to plumbing. One would naturally expect that the United States Steel Corporation, with its enormous capital and its enormous influence on the steel industry, would have been disliked as the Standard Oil Company used to be, but it has never incurred popular hatred in this country. Why? Because it has made complete public statements. I think this is an extraordinary illustration of what publicity will do in insuring fair treatment on the part of the public.

I agree with Mr. Callbreath [the secretary of the Mining Congress] that the question of dealing with the consumer, on the one hand, and with the worker, on the other, is the most vital question to-day in American industry. If this question is to be settled efficiently and peacefully, you have first to call on every patriotic citizen to unite with you in establishing law and order. You must then establish some basis of just and human cooperation with your workmen. And, finally, you must give full publicity to all the facts of your industry.

TURKEY ADVERTISED

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE BY ELBERT FRANCIS BALDWIN

NO matter what the Lausanne Conference may or may not have done, it has been a great advertisement for the New Turkey.

It must be acknowledged that the New Turkey has shown a remarkable degree of determination in putting itself on the map—indeed, this has been perhaps the most important event in the history of the Near East.

Religiously and politically the Old Turkey is a thing of the past. Six months ago the new Turkish Government separated Church and State, electing the Sultan's heir-apparent, residing at Constantinople, as Khalif, or religious sovereign of the Mohammedans, while proclaiming as political sovereign its own National Assembly at Angora, the new political capital of Turkey, in the heart of Asia Minor.

In thoroughly acquainting the world with the point of view of the New Turkey its delegates have cleverly and persistently used the Lausanne Conference as an education in this regard for the Western world. The representatives of the Allied Powers here appreciate the exhaustion of Turkey after eleven years of fighting and her need of repose and recuperation. They now also thoroughly appreciate Turkey's desire to be recognized as an advanced democracy, even though few proofs have been forthcoming that she is. Finally, the Powers appreciate that Turkey is determined on having her independence and sovereignty recognized to the full. In return, the Allied Powers have been more desirous than ever of reaching arrangements which would not unnecessarily wound Turkish susceptibilities and which would, as far as possible, be found consonant with Turkish sovereignty.

It has been impossible, however, for the Powers to forget past history or to feel that, in turning its back upon the crimes of the Old Turkey, the New Turkey is offering anything but promises.

Guaranties are needed, not promises.

Moreover, as in the case of French pressure in the Ruhr, there is the necessity to break an inveterate Boche-Turk will.

The first subjects dealt with by the Conference were of a territorial nature, and, though they brought out Turkish determination with regard to Turkish sovereignty, were actually solved and accepted by the Turks, even though this acceptance dealt a deathblow to the Turko-Bolshevist alliance. Tchitcherin, head of the Bolshevist delegation here (which was invited to come to Lausanne to consider the Straits issue and no other), indignantly refused to sign any agreement providing for the freedom of the Straits and retired from Lausanne last February in high dudgeon. The Bolsheviki's impudent attempt to take part in the continuance of the Conference after its three months' recess, followed by the Vorovsky assassination, hardly needs comment. The attribution to Turkey of certain islands near the Dardanelles may be regarded as so much a Turkish victory, but the regulation for the freedom of the Straits, the provisions as to Constantinople, the provisions for the Gallipoli graves, and the renunciation of Turkish pretensions concerning certain regions, from the Danube island of Ada-kaleh on the north to the Italian island of Castellorizzo on the south, constitute in effect an emphatic Allied and not a Turkish victory—more especially a British victory, for England is the only Power to come off with flying colors. Even in the Mosul territory question the Turks had to weaken and to agree that the question should be referred to direct action between herself and England. It will be difficult for the Turks to substantiate their claim to sovereignty in the Mosul region, part of Mesopotamia, and thus controlled by Britain under mandate from the League of Nations. The inclusion in the American Chester Concession of the proposed railway to Mosul led, at least many so believe, to the expectation on the part of the Turks that the American Government might ultimately back up the Turkish territorial claim.

Coincident with the British victory we note the first of two incidental events, really of primal importance, in the course of the Conference. The first event is the smashing of the Turko-Bolshevist alliance; the second is the irreparable injury done to Franco-Turk friendship.

The Turko-Bolshevist alliance rests upon value received by the Turks from the Bolsheviki in the way of supplies, money, and guns, and particularly upon the treaty signed March 16, 1921, at Moscow between Russia and Turkey. It provided, among other things, for international regulation as to the Straits by delegates from the Black Sea states (read Russia and Turkey). Under it Russia would be protected in the Black Sea from the Western world.

The Franco-Turk friendship rests upon the natural liking of the French for a people who have exhibited towards them only remarkable picturesqueness and politeness, and, particularly, on the Franklin-Bouillon

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agreement, signed by that energetic agent for pro-Turk France with the Kemalists in Asia Minor half a year after the Kemalists had signed their Moscow treaty. Under the Franco-Turk agreement, Cilicia, a mandated state held by France under the League of Nations, was, without that League's consent, brought back to the Turks, who gave ample promises as to the protection of the Christians there; in return, the French were to receive important mining and transportation concessions.

The French have been unable to bring about a victory corresponding to the British victory at Lausanne. This does not mean that they have been idle, either here or in Turkey. Quite the contrary. Active in speaking for concessions with regard to harbors, oil, and railways, as well as in the protection of their commercial, financial, educational, and religious interests in Turkey, the French have met with unexpected checks. For instance, a concession of great importance has been granted to them, on the strength of which Turkey was able to borrow a large amount of money from France. But the Angora Assembly has now conceded to an American group the famous Chester Concession, covering mines, harbor works, and transportation privileges, some of which impinged on those already granted to the French. Again, the question of capitulations is of vital moment to the French, as to ourselves. Four hundred years ago, Francis I, a French king, obtained the first capitulation—or concession protecting foreigners—from an Ottoman sultan. No nation has had a longer history of commercial, industrial, educational, and religious development throughout the Turkish dominions than has France. It is a history of which she well may be proud. And yet now, because New Turkey wishes to emancipate herself from honorable obligations resting upon her as the heir of the old Government, we see the door of the capitulations suddenly slammed, we see Turkey sign away to others pledges already given to France, and we see Turkey attempt to cheat the bondholders of the Ottoman debt, of which by far the most are French, out of the interest agreed to be paid. That the foreigner shall make no mistake about the Turkish point of view, the Turkish Government has now suddenly seized the tolls on the Galata Bridge, connecting two quarters of the city of Constantinople, tolls for many years regularly paid to the legal owners. This confiscation has been accomplished without any valid excuse.

The Turkish disregard of principle with regard to the protection of foreigners has been accentuated on the judicial side. Instead of acceding to the moderate demands of the Allies, which would protect their nationals against arbitrary arrests and domiciliary perquisitions, the Turkish delegation here announced yesterday that its Government would appoint four foreign legal counselors, chosen from a list made by the Hague Court from countries which had not participated in the World War, these counselors to reside at Constantinople and Smyrna and to be informed of any arrest or perquisition of a foreigner immediately after the event! If this does not constitute a Turkish triumph, in the event of its acceptance by the Powers, what does? The position of the Powers may be indicated by the stand they took last February. At that time they declared that if the guaranties under which foreigners had been able to work in Turkey were to be withdrawn, at least foreign legal counselors, appointed by the Turkish Government for five years, must be allowed to be informed beforehand of any impending arrests or domiciliary visits in cases affecting foreign nationals, and must be allowed to sit on the bench with Turkish judges in such cases. These demands are just, because the Turkish judiciary is not yet competent to judge foreigners. It is deplorable that the demands should not be maintained. The Turk is triumphing.

Lausanne, June 5, 1923.

AMERICA AT THE GENEVA OPIUM CONFERENCE

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE BY ELIZABETH WASHBURNE WRIGHT

ASSESSOR TO THE OPIUM ADVISORY COMMITTEE OF THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

THE opium problem is not yet solved, despite the optimistic reports emanating from Geneva. It is also to be remembered that the resolutions approved by the Opium Advisory Committee have as yet to be sanctioned by both the Council and the Assembly of the League of Nations; but there is little doubt as to the acceptance of the Committee's recommendations by both these bodies.

The important fact to be noted is that a point of contact has finally been established between the United States and the Powers which for the last two years have been working under the auspices of Geneva. Since the war and the death of Dr. Hamilton Wright the leadership in this movement has gradually slipped from the hands of the United States, and by the action of the Versailles Treaty in placing the jurisdiction of the Hague Opium Convention under the supervision of the League of Nations the United States seemed irrevocably severed from any direct connection with the question. The American Government was placed in an extraordinarily difficult position; although unwilling to co-operate with the League, it had unfortunately no other alternative to suggest. And while it hesitated a great moral movement for which this country was primarily responsible was proceeding along lines totally at variance with its original designs and intentions.

This *impasse*, it would seem, has been circumvented by the sending of unofficial representatives to Geneva for the purpose of studying the machinery of this particular Committee of the League and of stating specifically the terms upon which the United States can alone co-operate. The participation of Representative Porter and his associates at the recent meeting does not mean, therefore, that the United States is definitely committed to this particular instrument. Her permanent co-operation must depend entirely upon the good faith shown by the nations represented on the Committee and the practical results achieved.

The American representative lost no time in discussing secondary measures, but went at once to the root of the matter—which is the present enormous over-production of opium. As has often been stated, opium, wherever produced, will always reach the consumer. Therefore the problem must be approached at its source if it is ever to be solved.

After reviewing the situation very briefly, Mr. Porter referred to the efforts of the United States to comply with the terms of the Hague Convention and quoted in part the resolutions recently passed by both houses of Congress and signed by the President, namely, that—

> The effective control of these drugs can be obtained only by limiting the production thereof to the quantity required for strictly medicinal and scientific purposes, thus eradicating the source or root of the present conditions, which are solely due to the production many times greater than is necessary for such purposes.

Mr. Porter then suggested on the part of the United States that the

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Committee adopt the principles set forth, and as a concrete expression of these principles so far as concerns opium and its derivatives submitted the following propositions to the Opium Advisory Committee in the earnest hope that they would agree to them and recommend their adoption by the Council and Assembly of the League of Nations. The two resolutions I must quote in full:

> 1. If the purpose of the Hague Convention is to be achieved according to its spirit and true intent, it must be recognized that the use of opium products for other than medicinal and scientific purposes is an abuse and not legitimate.
>
> 2. In order to prevent the abuse of these products it is necessary to exercise the control of the production of raw opium in such a manner that there will be no surplus available for non-medicinal and non-scientific purposes.

These resolutions meet the issue squarely. And it was with much consternation that the nations with financial interests at stake found themselves brought face to face with a definite proposal to bring their trade, for other than medicinal purposes, to an end. If accepted, Resolution 1 would abruptly terminate the traffic in "*prepared* opium," which has been proceeding undisturbed along its accustomed path, under the protection of the "gradual suppression" specified by the convention. Although the convention was drawn up in 1912, there has been no evidence of any "suppression" of the opium traffic. As a matter of fact, both production and exportation have increased since the drafting of that document.

Most of the nations present in Geneva are still engaged in the opium traffic, and therefore found themselves in a most embarrassing position; for, while wishing to propitiate the United States and anxious to secure her co-operation, they were nevertheless forced to accept the American proposals with reservations, pending the "complete suppression" of the trade.

It is exactly this vague and elastic interpretation of the Hague Convention that the United States wishes to bring to an end. The American Government contends that the convention was drawn up for the purpose of eradicating the opium trade, not of indefinitely prolonging it. It must be recognized, however, that, while revenue based on the traffic in opium is ethically unsound, it is not desirable to terminate this trade in such a manner as to precipitate a financial crisis in the Far East. For this purpose it was suggested that a conference be called as soon as possible for the object of deciding practical methods for the final eradication of the trade.

After two weeks of proposals and counter-proposals, the principles presented by the United States were finally accepted "in spirit"—with reservations on the part of those countries whose opium traffic is at present undergoing the somewhat ambiguous process of "gradual suppression."

The most direct opposition came from India, which declared that the opium consumed by the natives of that country is a purely legitimate practice. The question of what is the legitimate use of opium is already a much disputed point, dating from 1921, when Dr. Wellington Koo, at that time a member of the Council, introduced a resolution similar to that of Mr. Porter's, insisting that the time had come to reduce the cultivation of opium to its medicinal and scientific need. Although passed by the Council, this resolution was defeated by the Assembly on the instigation of the India Office, by the substituting of "legitimate" in place of "scientific and medicinal." This at once removed any restriction on cultivation, which was the obvious intention of the India Office.

However, the use of opium in India is a question which in no way concerns other nations. India is sovereign within her own borders, and can do as she sees fit with the use of opium. But, as her unrestricted cultivation affects the international world (and the particular quality of opium which she exports is for smoking purposes only, already banned by the opium convention), this point brings her at once into direct contact with the other Governments parties to that convention.

This aspect of the question has, however, been modified by India's agreeing to restrict her exportation to the actual demands of the importing countries, and by the announcement on the part of the British delegate that the crown colonies of the Far East are prepared to reduce gradually the demand of their opium monopolies until that method of procuring revenue be finally abolished. This whole question is one which will be thoroughly discussed at the Conference to be called later in the year.

The contention of India, however, that her present practice of eating opium was sanctioned by the convention led to much heated argument, and finally threatened to bring all negotiations to a halt. In view of the need for co-operation and the undesirable position in which Great Britain was placed through India's resistance, the latter Government finally agreed to accept the American proposals with the following reservation for herself alone, namely, that—

> The use of raw opium according to the established practice in India and its production for such use are not illegitimate under the convention.

There was much discussion over the acceptance of this reservation; for, although not applying to other Governments, there was strong opposition to the use of the words, "under the convention." There is no reference in any way to the eating of opium in the convention. And there was certainly no intention on the part of the framers of that instrument to give protection to this abuse any more than to that of smoking opium. The lame and unsatisfactory interpretation of the Indian Government was, however, finally allowed to stand, on the ground that, as the eating of opium was not specifically condemned, the inference must be that it was therefore legitimate.

Whether or not the practice of eating opium is to be countenanced and defended in India is a question which must be decided by the public opinion of that country and of Great Britain, which in the final analysis is held responsible by the world for the actions of its Far Eastern dependencies.

In summing up briefly the actual accomplishment of this Conference we must pick out its constructive features. It is not difficult to propound principles, nor in this instance was it difficult to prevail upon their acceptance "in spirit." The test comes always in the practical putting into effect of principles. This is the task that now lies before us. We have established a workable basis of co-operation, and we have proposed the calling of a conference at which a constructive programme is to be presented by which these principles can be carried out.

But in our zeal to force the adoption of higher moral standards upon those countries of the East whose welfare has hitherto been based upon the revenue accrued from opium, it must be remembered that a great burden of responsibility will rest upon the United States, which is demanding the readjustment and reorganization of the most difficult and delicate machinery upon whose equilibrium the safety of governments depends, and at a very critical time. It will take infinite preparation and patience to work out a practical scheme of substitution, as well as tact and unflinching purpose. And, while the United States is to be congratulated upon again taking her part in this work, she must be prepared to accept the lion's share of the responsibility and labor which her action imposes.

It is earnestly hoped and believed that America is prepared to take advantage of this new and auspicious beginning made at Geneva, and will press for the final elimination of one of the greatest curses imposed upon man since the abolition of slavery.

Geneva, June 9, 1923.

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International

AN INDOOR POOL IN NEW YORK CITY—A FINE SNAP-SHOT WITH THE DIVER CAUGHT IN MIDAIR

International

AN EAST SIDE WATERING TANK GIVES THE CHILDREN A SPRAY BATH

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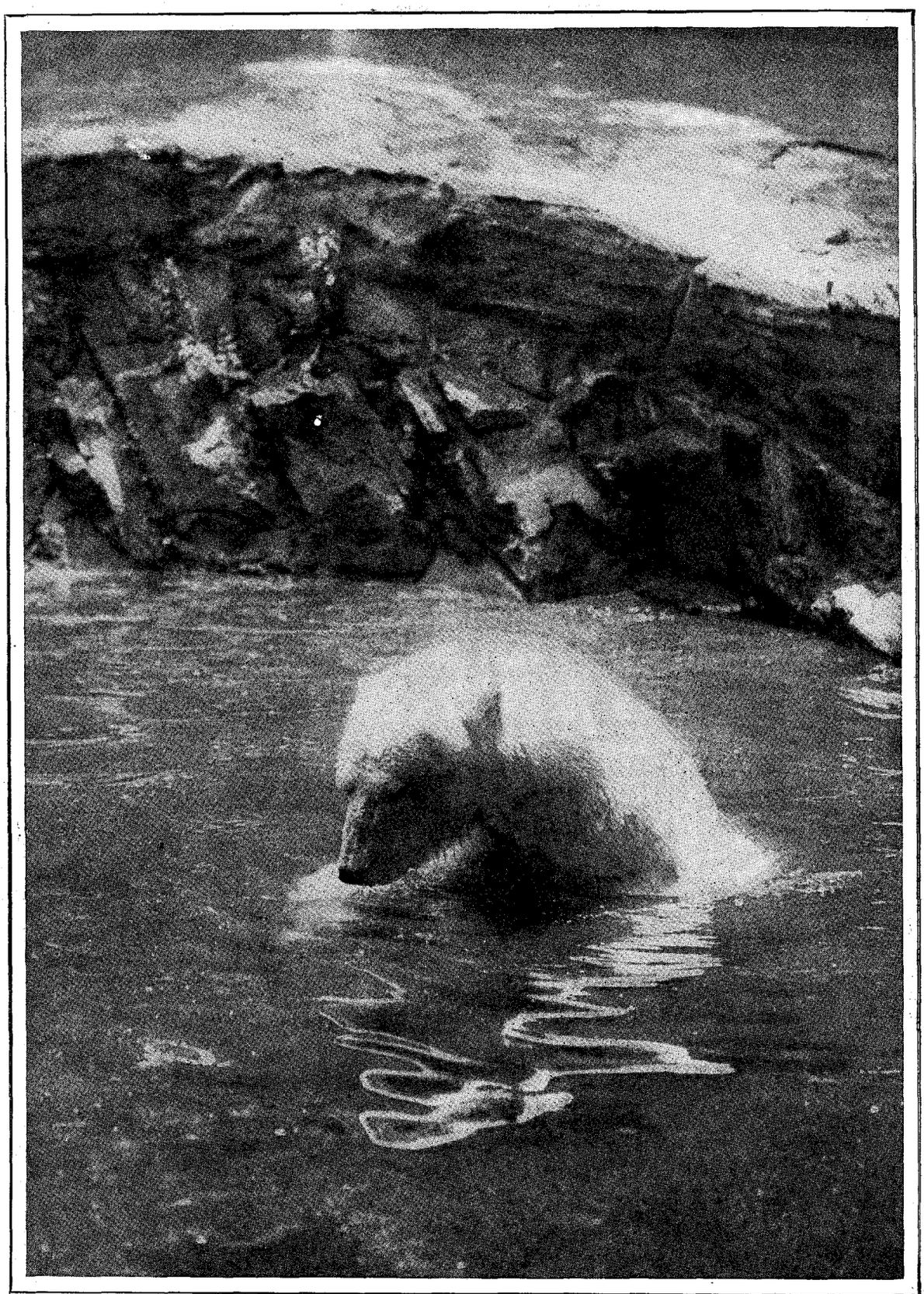
IN NEW YORK CITY



International

A POLAR BEAR ENJOYS HIS OL' SWIMMIN' HOLE AT THE BRONX ZOO

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PSYCHOLOGISTS—SO AND PSEUDO

BY MARTHA GUERNSEY

INSTRUCTOR IN PSYCHOLOGY, UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

LAST summer, at an afternoon social gathering in San Diego, some member of the party asked what my University work concerned.

"Psychology," I answered, knowing beforehand what species of aftermath it would elicit. And, to be sure, there ensued the customary volley, to wit: "Can you analyze my temperament?" "Will you read my 'bumps'?" "Can you guarantee the soul?" "Is man a mere machine?" "Will you demonstrate hypnosis?" "What about thought transference?" "Can you recommend a medium?"—etcetera, ad infinitum. And these queries were not, incidentally, rooted in deep-dyed ignorance. They sprang from high school and college-bred inquirers, educated for the most part in psychology, however, through hit-and-miss contact with popular articles, advertisements, and those small cyclones of psychic enlightenment which for convenience may be aggregated under the specimen caption: "Psychology and How to Live. Taught in Six Lessons. Price $50. By the Renowned Psychologist Mr. ——, S. T., D. D. P.," etc. (I have yet to interpret many of these attached degrees, but I *have* noticed an ominous paucity of plain A.B.'s, M.A.'s, and Ph.D.'s.)

So much for one incident—which merely illustrates the psychologist's greeting in ordinary circles. Shortly after, I wandered into a tea-shop on Broadway in Los Angeles, lured, it may be confessed, by the sign: "Psychologist and Medium; Strictly Scientific." Madame Z, of "Hindoo origin" (and Irish countenance), arrayed in long ear-rings and a turban, was talking to a tragic little figure in black, and giving advice as to the disposal of a meager insurance pittance. I caught only occasional phrases, among them reference to an almost defunct oil company and the final admonition to come every Friday for "readings" and advice. The little widow looked somewhat disturbed, but paid her ten dollars and departed. The afternoon progressed, bringing a motley of humor and pathos, occasionally punctuated by downright tragedy. In every case one could see the result of clever, insidious advertising and energetic agents. At last, having absorbed two and one-half hours' discreet and polished leeching over the rim of my teacup, without the customary postlude of a "reading," I was practically requested to depart. This occasion is, again, only exemplary of numerous other investigatory "escapades" ranging through the summer from San Diego, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Salt Lake City, Omaha, Chicago, and, later, to New York City. I was constantly amazed by the number and the type of people attracted to these professionals. California seems particularly deluged with such sects, who, through real power or false, bleed their subjects' pocketbooks of absurd sums, give advice which may embarrass long periods in people's lives, convey such inconsequential dribble from the dead as frequently to warrant our chopping down the ancestral tree to disclaim evidence of feeble-minded lineage, and who, in general, exploit instead of explore the whole realm of mental phenomena. And they call themselves Psychologists!

There is another less vicious class whose contribution consists in giving the public what it wants in pleasing, fairly harmless, if withal very expensive, doses. And here I refer to the type of lecturer who makes his audiences beam by telling them that since the protoplasmic cells in their bodies renew their chemical substance every day, they are never more than twenty-four hours old. "Therefore you are young forever. Be happy!" is the peculiar form of syllogism they derive from their interpretation of the cell-theory. Another pet lucrative source is character analysis. To be sure, a certain amount of such analysis may be correctly derived from the simple indices of habitual facial expressions and clever "leading questions;" but to tell some ambitious and curious youth that his chances in life are small because he has a pug nose and a long thumb or to instill false dreams of conquest in somebody with an aquiline countenance, is not only to engender dangerous attitudes, but to take money under dishonest pretenses which even Gall and Spurzheim would have flouted.

A short time ago, during a discussion of the average college professor's salary, the reference was made to a "psychic" lecturess who recently carried over $75,000 out of Detroit and Cleveland in a whirlwind campaign. Some one inquired why professors and research workers do not follow her example in capitalizing their opportunities. Orthodox psychologists, as a rule, have but one answer to this: they are too honest to fool the people they serve, in spite of the fact that the people want to be fooled. They are perfectly well aware that not all psychological facts would tickle the public palate. In fact, when it came to introducing certain abnormal aspects, such as increasing mental deficiency, nervous diseases, or an honest consideration of the hereditary and environmental limitations of the average individual, the facts might prove quite *un*appetizing. And the public has established a habit of paying more for flattery than for truth.

Due to this widely indiscriminate and unfortunate application of the term "psychologist," the legitimate profession is constantly bearing a burden of misinterpretation approaching the ludicrous, and the validity of its achievements is proportionately lessened for many sincere people. The science *as a science* is comparatively new; its scope embraces the complete horopter of human activity; its function is analysis of the highest and most complicated phenomena of human life. Realizing these hypotheses, is it small wonder that the sincere psychologist is reduced to the modesty of study and effort, in place of placarded lyceum or tea-room careers? Is it small wonder that he is at times disheartened (though seldom expressive) over the popular impressions created by his pseudo-brothers as stumbling-blocks in his own legitimate progress, to say nothing of the ironical contrast between the country estates of these filibusters and his own frayed pockets? A favorite story is told about one of the most eminent psychologists in America, who, on being invited to deliver a Phi Beta Kappa address at another college, was prohibited from accepting through lack of funds for a new suit. But it is, after all, the benighting effect of "popular" psychology on his science, which he resents.

For a true scientist the modern psychologist is coming more and more to be. He employs exact, laboratory methods and measurements wherever they are possible, and supplements them not only with introspection but with quantitative observations as well. The uninformed may and frequently do flout the idea of actually measuring mental phenomena by concrete apparatus, but they probably would change their minds if they were once initiated into the delicacy and ingenuity of many standardized procedures in actual laboratories. The psychologist nowadays does not use his imagination to fill in unestablished crannies, and he seldom projects his theoretical conclusions as absolutely infallible. Physics, chemistry, and biology are his basic tools; sociology, philosophy, economics, organic evolution, are his collaterals; honest, exact, untiring, experimental research is his method.

As an example, I may start with his treatment of emotion—the field per-

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haps most dangerously exploited, and, incidentally, the one in which we know least at present. The psychologist begins by classifying these emotional phenomena, and tracing their historical significance in the light of established instincts. He goes to the physiologist for their bodily correlatives, viz., ductless gland secretions, circulatory and respiratory changes, etc., he relates them to their proper instinctive bases, and when he has arrived at a certain stage of achievement he sifts his established facts and formulates them into, not a dogmatism, but a new hypothesis or "theory" for further research. Witness the James-Lange theory, which is perhaps most widely known. He does *not* tell you that his conclusion is ultimate, will guarantee everlasting happiness and success, nor charge you fifty dollars for hearing it.

Similarly with the much-mooted question of "will." The true psychologist will study, experimentally, historically, objectively, and subjectively, the motives which lead to human action; he will analyze individual ability to concentrate the attention and evaluate the "goal" ideas which compel it. He will not tell you, as a result, that you can "will" anything in the universe, but rather that the will is no separate entity at all, other than a set of good habits of attention based on hereditary capacity and directed by the right kind of social pressure. In the field of learning he will not recommend burdensome mnemonic systems, but, rather, the simple fundamentals of attention, repetition, and wide associations. He will not recognize the worn-out superstition of specialized cranial "bumps" (or charge you five dollars and up for reading them), but he will point out real differences in the brain dependent upon nervous connections which involve far more intricate and wonderful specialization than the expensive analyses of modern Sludges.

The conscientious psychologist will refuse to weaken your nervous system by any demonstration of hypnotic trickery, but he will take you to the psychiatric wards where hysteria, shell-shock, and other abnormalities are legitimately treated by hypnosis under medically controlled conditions. As to character analysis, the psychologist will give you wide varieties of mental tests, and, not content with one index, will work out correlations with education, past social and industrial records, physical and, if possible, hereditary endowment. He—and here the public is widely misinformed—will not maintain that the army tests are anywhere near perfection, nor the Binet scale ultimate; but he *will* maintain that either one is far better as an index of mental capacity than the length of your nose or the color of your hair.

When it comes to the question of the "psychological" attitude, the facts are a bit more complicated. However, relatively few prominent psychologists to-day hold a strictly mechanistic view of life, while a similar small number would hold that mind rules all matter. The majority are coming more and more into the spirit of psycho-physical parallelism—or the theory that mind and body interact so mutually that one invariably affects the other. A lesion in the brain may cause anything from loss of memory to degenerate crime impulses; on the other hand, hysterical fixation on a physical malady will aggravate its extent inevitably. A great many ills are to-day remedied through the simple suggestive expedients of psychoanalysis. And here it may be pertinent to add that psychoanalysis does not mean Freudism. Undoubtedly Freud has greatly stimulated abnormal research, but, for the relief of the public, it may be added that considerable work during the war and after, by equally reliable investigators, has consistently disproved his theory that sex underlies everything in life.

As to Spiritualism, mental telepathy, etc., the psychologist is no negative dogmatist. What is proved, cleanly, scientifically, honestly and thoroughly, he will believe; what is still shrouded in total uncertainty, inadequate quantitative research, and, above all, commercialism and fraud, he will not accept, and he does not exploit, either theoretically or practically. This is no indictment of reliable investigators who are seeking the *truth* in spiritual research, nor even against those few uncommercialized media who simply do not realize their own hysterical abnormalities. It is merely a challenge awaiting their proof.

One more phase—and an ever-dangerous one—upon which I am tempted to remark. Not long ago I heard a rather benighted minister classify all psychologists as either atheists or spiritualists, which again stamps with an unjust indiscrimination. So far as I have observed, knowledge of the astonishingly delicate and intricate relation of mind and body, heredity and environment, individual and society, does not necessarily lessen one's interest in or respect for the ultimate Source of it all. While it may be admitted that few psychologists would likely be strict creedists, I may also add that nowhere have I ever observed the fundamental Christian ideals of service, honesty, humility, and clean personal habits practicalized more heartily than among these people. In the University of Michigan, for one example, there is a constant acknowledgment from students who have realized the stamp of Professor Walter B. Pillsbury's superior personality and ideals upon their own life values. Dr. Pillsbury was recently honored by being invited to lecture at the Sorbonne, France, during his year abroad (1922–23).

It is against the inclusion of such names as his and of his numerous worthy contemporaries—Titchener, Angell, Cattell, MacDougall, Thorndike, Shepard (the list is far too long to enumerate) with the commercializing, leeching, unscientific, and inferiorly trained "psychic leaders" that the informed disciple of psychology revolts.

If the public wants to continue being fooled by this species of instruction, let them enjoy (and pay for) it, but, incidentally, let them coin another name than psychology for its doctrines.

"What is the donation of real psychology to society other than abstract theory?" is a question often asked by laymen at this point. In a brief space, that is too much to explain—except by asking a counter-question: "What has been the donation of physics? chemistry? medicine?" And the public must remember that psychology as a science is several birthdays younger than these. In passing, it may be said, however, that the psychologist knows keenly the value to mental stability in clean living and upright thinking. He knows the value and the process of eliminating weakness by emphasizing strength, and in the light of evolution he can divine the racial value in suppressing obsolete customs and remnant evils. He can watch the political reel unroll down the centuries in the light of "Volk-Psychologie" with a new understanding of the fundamental motives behind it. He can suggest legislation in the form of more rigid segregation of the mentally unfit, revision and enforcement of certain marriage laws, the universal establishment of clinics in connection with crime, particularly juvenile delinquency. He can suggest different social ideals that might lessen industrial strife in generations to come, and he can aid in vocational selection by various mental measurements. He can tell every mother that the future of her child will be nothing more nor less than the bundle of habits, mental and physical, which it is forming every day of its growth, and I venture to say that if a full understanding of this one fact alone were realized in every American home, psychology would have justified its entire existence.

These are but samples of the type of human issues which real psychologists concern themselves with—in contrast to the capitalization of superstition which is the major sport of their pseudo-counterparts. Will the public please differentiate?

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VIVISECTION AND MODERN MIRACLES

BY ERNEST HAROLD BAYNES

LAST week I was in Washington when a little boy was rushed to one of the big hospitals, dying of diabetes. He was already *in coma*, which in this disease immediately precedes death. My interest was doubled because of an experience with a similar case just two years ago. A little girl in my own New Hampshire village was stricken with the same disease, and, though we walked together through the woods and fields, we both knew that she was doomed—that within six months she would be dead—unless a miracle happened. It didn't happen. She died in less than three months from the date of which I speak.

Now there had come the little boy in the last stage of the disease. He had been unconscious for many hours; he was doomed—unless a miracle happened. A doctor whom I know injected under the child's skin a newly discovered fluid. It seemed to have no effect. A second and stronger dose was given, and still the boy remained unconscious. And all the while the father stood by, hoping against history that the miracle would happen. A third and still stronger dose of the new fluid was injected, and presently the little patient began to move, and then he awoke from his long sleep. The miracle had happened. The boy had been snatched from the very gates of death; saved from a disease which until little more than a year ago was invariably fatal in the case of children. The new fluid is known to the world as "insulin," and it has already been the means of saving many lives.

The story of insulin is a long one, but here are the outstanding facts. Dr. F. G. Banting, of the University of Toronto, assisted by Dr. C. H. Best and others, by a series of well-planned and carefully executed experiments on dogs, recently completed investigations begun on rabbits seventy-odd years ago by Claude Bernard. The latter discovered that an animal could convert the sugar or protein in its food into a form of starch called glycogen, store this in its liver, and release it in the form of sugar as the tissues required it. Later von Mering and Minkowski showed that if a dog's pancreas were removed the animal could no longer make use of sugar in the body, that he was stricken with acute diabetes, and usually died within three or four weeks. Langerhans, examining the pancreas under a microscope, saw that it was studded with minute bodies which together resemble somewhat an archipelago. In honor of their discoverer, they have been named "the islands of Langerhans." He even suspected, and correctly, that these bodies secreted a substance quite different from the pancreatic juice. It is now known that this substance has the power to render the sugar in the blood serviceable to the organism, so that it does not accumulate and produce unfavorable symptoms. Banting and his associates solved the difficult problem of isolating this substance without destroying its remarkable properties, and from it they made a specific for diabetes. Because it is made from the *islands* of Langerhans, it is called "insulin." It is now obtained from beeves slaughtered for food. Its discovery brings hope to many thousands of people; it is one of the latest blessings conferred on humanity as the direct result of vivisection.

THE AUTHOR WITH BUSTER, THE "PAVLOV" DOG

Not long ago, while visiting the Mayo Clinic at Rochester, Minnesota, I met Dr. E. C. Kendall, the discoverer of thyroxin, the active principle of the thyroid gland. This discovery too was the culmination of a long series of experiments on animals, conducted by many investigators. In the hand of one who understands its use thyroxin is as a wand in the hand of a magician. It is especially potent in cases of cretinism, a disease caused by congenital absence of the thyroid gland. Both the physical and the mental growth of children born with this defect are stunted. Their features show little or no intelligence; not infrequently they are positively brutish. In many cases the tongue protrudes from the mouth and animal-like noises take the place of speech. To these children thyroxin and the best thyroid preparations—the use of which is the outgrowth of experiments on dogs—have proved a Heaven-sent blessing. Nearly all such patients can have their condition improved, and many of them are in a short space of time marvelously transformed into normal children.

The effect of thyroxin is also startlingly effective in cases of myxedema, a disease which attacks those whose thyroid glands become defective later in life. The face of the most beautiful woman, as a result of myxedema, may become ugly, dissipated-looking, and devoid of intelligence. It is as if some witch had cast an evil spell upon it. But now by the use of thyroxin we seem to witness the final triumph of a good fairy, as the ugly face is quickly changed and restored to its former beauty.

A few months ago, in Philadelphia, I visited the clinic of Dr. Chevalier Jackson, the famous throat specialist. Child after child was wheeled into the amphitheater, to be relieved, often in a few moments, of some foreign body—a safety-pin, a fence staple, a bone, or a peanut, perhaps—which had been accidentally swallowed or drawn into the bronchial tubes, or even into the lungs. So dextrous is this surgeon that it was rarely necessary to give the little patients even a local anæsthetic. To an onlooker it seemed like wizardry; in reality, it was the work of a supreme craftsman.

A few years ago many of these patients would have died either because of the continued presence of the obstructions or as a result of dangerous operations attempted as a last resort. At the time of my visit Dr. Jackson had dealt with about a thousand cases of this kind, and in ninety-eight per cent of these he had extracted the foreign body and effected a cure.

I had a long talk with the surgeon afterwards, and he told me that many of those children owed their lives to several dogs on which he had practiced until he had developed the technique which enabled him to do his work as I had seen him do it. He added that during the past year by using two other dogs he had been able to train fifty men to do similar work. The dogs he said were always under complete anæsthesia.

After all, he had acquired his skill just as craftsmen in other fields acquire theirs—by well-thought-out experiments and persistent practice. The great gunsmith, the great architect, the great sculptor, the great engineer—each has been an experimenter, and each has his "scrap-heap" on which may be seen the failures (his own and others') on which he has built his final success. How can it be otherwise in the fields of medicine and surgery? If a man must practice and

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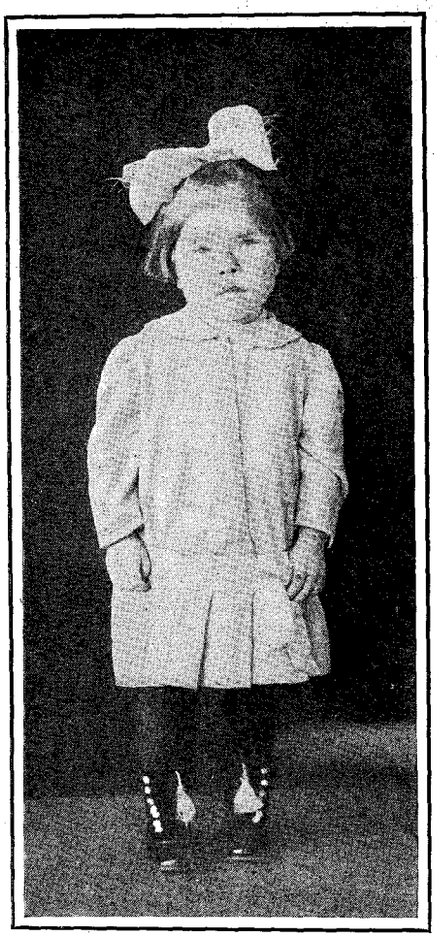


A CRETIN, TEN YEARS OLD. HAD NEVER RECEIVED ANY THYROID TREATMENT UP TO THIS TIME

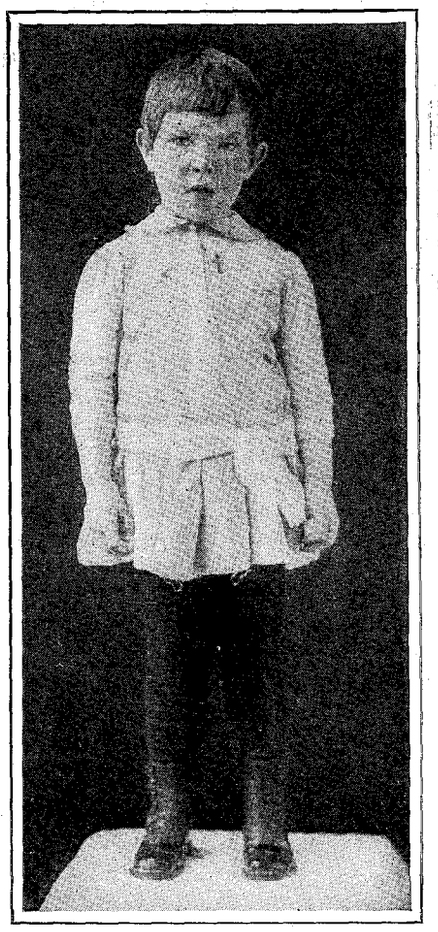
experiment in order to be a good repairer of watches, we cannot expect another man without experimenting and practicing to become an expert repairer of the human body—the most complicated, the most delicately adjusted piece of mechanism that we know anything about. And, since he must experiment and practice, since he must in all human probability make his share of failures before he becomes a master craftsman, shall we permit him to use and throw upon his scrap-heap the most precious material on earth—his fellow men and women, or shall we insist that he use the least valuable material which will serve the purpose? There is only one answer for a normal person—for a person who holds the life of a human being at a higher value than the life of a rat, a dog, or a monkey. We are sometimes told that "the final experiment must always be on man." Quite so, and we are willing that it shall be. The final experiment is the successful experiment, based on the knowledge and skill gained by previous experiments, including the failures.

In the Civil War if a man was shot through the bowels he died. In those days it was a very dangerous proceeding even to open the abdomen, and, even if this were done, there was no surgeon who knew how to unite the ends of the severed intestine in such a way that the joint would be "tight." Of course the slightest leak meant death. Later on there came an experimenter who etherized some thirty dogs, shot them through the bowels, and practiced joining bowel ends until he could make a perfect joint. It is safe to say that in the World War the lives of thousands of men were saved as the result of that one series of experiments.

Of course these laboratory workers are not usually referred to as "vivisectors" except by their enemies. Some of them are great chemists, great physiologists, great surgeons. Carrel, for example, is one of the foremost surgeons in the world, and he has received the Nobel prize in recognition of his service to humanity. Let me cite just one instance of his skill. Some time ago the father of a little baby called him up in the middle of the night and informed him that the child was dying of hemorrhage of the new-born. Carrel is not a practicing surgeon; nevertheless he arose and went to that man's home. The baby was white and its life was ebbing fast. Carrel said, "If we can keep it alive for twenty minutes, I can save it." He made the father lie on the bed beside it. Then he opened an artery in the man's arm and a vein in the baby's leg and joined the two by a new method which he had just worked out on dogs. In a moment the father's blood poured into the veins of the dying child, its skin began to turn pink, and in an hour or two the parents had a normal baby instead of a dead one. Ask them if they wouldn't sooner have the two or three stray dogs which Carrel used under ether in order to develop that method.

That animals sometimes suffer in experiments there can be no question. But we have to choose between the suffering of a few animals and the greater suffering of many men, and, knowing that, we must vote to save the men.

While this article is not concerned with the wonderful experiments which are being carried on for the relief of suffering in animals, I must mention one, because it has already led to the relief of many thousands of human beings. The Bureau of Animal Industry in Washington, in a recent endeavor to find a cure for hookworm in dogs, tried carbon tetrachloride, a chemical which had not been previously used for this purpose. Thirty dogs received doses of this chemical in varying quantities, and were then humanely killed and examined. The results were found to be so good that carbon tetrachloride was tried on human beings suffering with hookworm, and the treatment was successful from the start. Fifty thousand cases have been treated in Fiji alone. This is a case where man shared in the benefits



THE SAME CHILD AFTER BEING TREATED WITH THYROXIN FOR ONE YEAR

She is seen in the same dress which she wore in the picture in the adjoining column. She has grown six inches in height

resulting from an experiment designed to help the dog alone.

Few of us realize that practically every drug we use was first standardized and made safe by experiments on animals; that many of them are never sent from the laboratories until they have been tested in this way. Ergot, almost universally used to prevent dangerous hemorrhage at childbirth, is first tested on a guinea pig. Very often the difference between good ergot and bad ergot is the difference between life and death; consequently there must be no guessing. And the man does not live who can tell good ergot from bad ergot except by trying it on an animal—or a woman.

Even anæsthetics must be tested on animals before it is safe to try them on human beings. Ether itself, which has been called "the greatest gift of medicine to mankind," was first tried out by Dr. W. T. G. Morton in a series of experiments upon his own dog. The success of these experiments led to a trial on a patient in the Massachusetts General Hospital, October 16, 1846, and the torments of surgery were gone forever.

Several times within the past three years I have visited the physiological laboratories of Chicago University, and each time I have met and played with a little tawny yellow dog named

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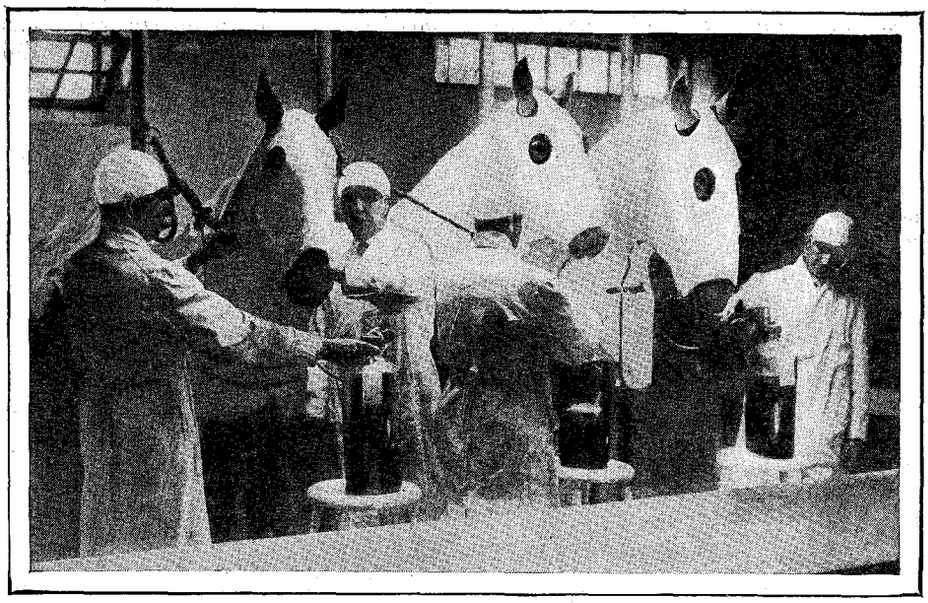

BLEEDING HORSES FOR DIPHTHERIA ANTITOXIN. THEY PAY NO MORE ATTENTION TO THIS OPERATION THAN THEY DO TO GROOMING

"Buster," who was introduced to me as "a member of the staff." For ten years Buster has been assisting Professor Carlson and Dr. Luckhart in their study of gastric juice, a knowledge of which is absolutely necessary to a solution of problems connected with digestion. To obtain pure gastric juice from an animal under observation was a problem in itself. Pavlov, the eminent Russian physiologist, devised a means of doing this. After putting a dog under complete anæsthesia he divided its stomach into two parts, one small and one large, and sewed the two parts up in such a way that they were completely separated by a double layer of mucous membrane. In the large part digestion went on as before, but no food could now enter the small part, which is known among medical men as the "Pavlov pouch." But, interestingly enough, when any stimulant causes a flow of gastric juice in the stomach a similar flow is secreted by the Pavlov pouch as well. So a small opening is left in the pouch and the edge of this is sewn to the edge of a corresponding opening left in the exterior of the abdomen. The wound heals and causes the dog no further inconvenience. When pure gastric juice is needed a small rubber tube is inserted, and the dog sits quietly for half an hour, perhaps, while the clear liquid flows into a little jar designed to receive it. Such a dog is Buster, whose life is quite as happy as that of any other little dog living in the city, and infinitely more useful.

And this brings me to the question of the amount of pain suffered by the animals which are experimented on. As president of a humane society and as one whose life is spent chiefly in studying animals and in working for their conservation, it is my business to know something about this, and my lecture tours give me unusual opportunities to do so. I have visited physiological laboratories and medical schools in most of the large cities and many of the smaller ones from Boston to San Francisco, and I can testify that I have never seen anything in the nature of cruelty in one of them. It seems almost impertinently unnecessary to say this, but I shall not be misunderstood. Since beginning my investigations I have become intimately acquainted with many of our foremost physiologists—vivisectors, if you like—and there are no men or women I should consider more humane, in the broadest and best sense of the word. They treat the animals in their care with kindness and consideration and they reduce to a minimum such discomfort as it is sometimes necessary to inflict in experiments made for the sole purpose of preventing suffering and death.

(C) Savoy Studio

DR. ALEXIS CARREL, OF THE ROCKEFELLER INSTITUTE FOR MEDICAL RESEARCH

I have also been able to correct certain erroneous impressions I had received. One was that the experiments were carried on behind closed doors and that visitors were never permitted to enter the laboratories. I was admitted everywhere, and shown whatever happened to be going on at the time. I have witnessed experiments on monkeys, horses, dogs, cats, sheep, goats, rabbits, guinea pigs, rats, mice, poultry, frogs, and fish. Whenever an operation is likely to cause more discomfort than would be experienced in taking an anæsthetic, the animal receives an anæsthetic and is kept completely under its influence, usually by a man or woman detailed especially for this purpose. If the operation is a routine procedure, designed to perfect the skill of medical students, the animal is killed with extra ether at the close of the experiment. The only possible discomfort such an animal can experience is in taking the ether at the beginning.

When the nature of the experiment requires the recovery of the animal, it probably experiences discomfort of the kind experienced by human patients under similar circumstances. The duration of the discomfort is probably much less in the animal, however. Once at the Rockefeller Institute in New York I timed a white bull terrier which had been operated on under ether for an hour and a half. He was transferred from the operating table to a very warm cage. In fifteen minutes he was on his feet, and in twenty-five minutes he was wagging his tail as I spoke to him through the bars.

Convalescent animals are taken great care of, for obvious reasons. Apart from all feelings of humanity, carelessness would mean failure, and no one desires to fail. Being very familiar with the procedure in the best hospitals, I can say that the procedure in the experimental laboratories compares very favorably with it. When we come to the best-equipped laboratories, not even the best of the hospitals are superior in their equipment or in the treatment accorded their patients. More than once I have been privileged to stand beside Dr. William J. Mayo and watch him with his scalpel release a man from the bonds of death, and many a time I have stood at the elbow of Dr. Walter B. Cannon, of Harvard, and Dr. Alexis Carrel, of the Rockefeller Institute, while they experimented on cats and dogs, endeavoring to uncover secrets which would relieve human suffering and lengthen our span of life, and these men, super-surgeons all, used equal care in their work and had equal consideration for their subjects.

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Practically all laboratories in the United States are open at all times to responsible officers and accredited members of humane societies and to others who may be qualified. In a few cases the very reasonable condition is made that the visitor shall first have witnessed an operation on a human being.

Perhaps it is quite natural that after a disease has been conquered or brought so completely under control that we rarely hear of it we are apt to forget that it ever existed as a scourge. Few of us give much thought to smallpox or bubonic plague, yet there was a time not so very long ago when either one of these diseases would sweep through a town or city, driving the inhabitants frantic with fear and sometimes leaving scarcely enough living to bury the dead. Yellow fever has gone, and the terror of puerperal or "childbed" fever is almost a thing of the past. In the Spanish-American War more soldiers died from typhoid fever than from all other causes put together; in the World War it was scarcely a factor.

If space permitted, we might give a long list of similar conquests which, taken together, have saved untold suffering and added many years to the average life of man. Practically all these advances have been made as the result of animal experimentation. There are many more advances to be made, many more diseases, such as cancer, infantile paralysis, and scarlet fever, still to be conquered. These advances, these conquests, too, must be made through experiments on animals. At least that is the opinion of all of our great physicians and surgeons, the men and women upon whose shoulders rests vast responsibility for the health of the people. They are the ones to whom we look for help when we are stricken with disease; they are the ones best qualified to tell us what tools they need to do their work. And, since we have intrusted them with this work, it is our duty to see that they are permitted to use unhampered the tools they ask for—the tools with which they have wrought miracles in the past and with which, we have every reason to believe, they will work further miracles in the future.

EDUCATION UNDER THE BOLSHEVIKS

BY ARTHUR RUHL

THE big present fact in the matter of education in Russia is lack of money or its equivalent. In the face of this overwhelming fact, it is rather idle to discuss Bolshevik theories of education, however interesting they may have been, or are.

It goes without saying that the Bolshevik leaders wanted to bring the "dark" masses into some sort of light. It was a simple question of self-preservation. A Revolution which aimed to substitute for the educated class those who had had little or no education naturally depended for its success, in the long run, in making this new class more or less "conscious," literate, and mentally alert. There is no doubt that the Bolsheviks made earnest efforts to teach the soldiers of the Red Army and many other peasants and city workmen to read and write, and that these efforts accomplished something. Some of their leaders, like the Commissar of Education, Lunarcharsky, for instance, were themselves men of culture, with a genuine enthusiasm for preserving whatever they could of beauty—museums of art, some of the splendid old palaces—from the wreck of the old régime; for giving these to a wider audience; and for putting into practice in Russia new theories of education which had arisen in the more sophisticated West.

Some of these theories were tried out in isolated cases, and the early visitors to Soviet Russia, who saw little outside of what the Government wished them to see, brought back glowing accounts. How little they are typical of the schools as a whole in Russia is suggested by Lunarcharsky himself in one of several despairing letters which he contributed recently to the official Moscow "Izvestia."

After calling attention to the irony of "quarreling about the direction in which a cart is to be pulled when the horse is too weak to pull it at all," and complaining of the disproportionate amount of the budget assigned to education, he remarked that "a settled gloom of ignorance is beginning to envelop Russian children of the Russian Revolution; a gloom of ignorance compared to which the dusk of Czardom appears comparatively bright!"

Lunarcharsky evidently decided that he had yielded too much to a mood of temporary discouragement when he wrote this letter, for he later contributed other pieces to "Izvestia" of much more hopeful tone; but it is a fact that no comments of outsiders about the conditions in Russian schools could be much more bitter than those made from time to time in the Soviet papers by Bolsheviks themselves.

The "new economic policy" has been one of the causes of present difficulties. Under this partial return to "capitalism," the tendency has been to withdraw state support from the schools and transfer them to local care. As a consequence, the farther the schools were from the centers, the less enlightened the neighboring population, the less chance did they have of receiving even partial support. Peasants who have no children cannot be made to see why they should be taxed to keep the schools going—let those who need them pay! Formerly the zemstvos took care of schools; why should not the Government take care of them now? And with school buildings out of repair, books expensive or impossible to get, fuel scarce, and even the necessary clothing and shoes for children out of the reach of the average peasant, the burden is more than the parents themselves can bear.

> Our school teachers [wrote another correspondent in "Izvestia"] are now paid in Moscow a salary of 25,000,000 [rubles] a month (about $5 a month at the then rate of exchange), and even this with a delay of two or three months. An office boy in Moscow cannot be hired now for less than 30,000,000 or 40,000,000 a month, and in other professional unions of the twelfth category (that of teachers) workers receive not less than 53,000,000. And matters are still worse in the country. There the usual salary is 4,000,000 or 5,000,000 a month, and the April salary was often unpaid in August. No wonder that teachers quit! For who will waste years of preparation in order to earn less than an illiterate office boy? A small sprinkling of qualified teachers are still left, but these are the martyrs, who go on in spite of cold, famine, and countless other difficulties, in the hope that things will improve and that the Soviet Government will some day give thought to its glorious promises about the schools.

The following picture of conditions in a typical village in the Volga country is taken from the report of a Russian inspector for the American Relief Administration who went on foot from village to village studying famine and other conditions:

> The school-teacher received us in very friendly fashion and went to prepare tea for us, but returned in a moment to ask us for a match, as

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these every-day necessities were almost a luxury in the village.

During tea we chatted about the village schools. Before the Revolution there were four teachers in the village, which were increased to ten during the early days of the Revolution, and were now down to three. The three schools now working had neither books, nor pens, ink, or pencils, and almost no paper. The peasants supplied wood very unwillingly, and only under the threat that the school would be closed. The teachers received their pay very irregularly, and their *payok* (a food ration) was meager. An attempt was made to start evening classes for adults, but there was no lamp oil, and the classes were not begun.

The "Culture Society" was reduced to nothing, except when occasional intelligent persons came to the village, got up concerts and theatricals, after which the village subsided into utter darkness. "The peasants are hungry for knowledge," our hostess continued, "and gladly attend all 'culture meetings.'" If we could only earn enough to live on, we should gladly undertake adult education." . . . The general impression received was that the village *intelligentsia* are no less inert, and are only swimming with the stream. There is a lack of independence and initiative, too much book education among them, and both they and the peasants depend too much on the Government's "horn of plenty."

Relatively speaking, the universities are much better off than the provincial elementary schools. They are, at any rate, crowded with students. They have the air of active, going concerns, and, while the humanities have suffered in subjects like medicine, for instance, which do not enter the field of revolutionary controversy, the personnel of the faculty and the standard of teaching are surprisingly unchanged.

To a foreigner (and all these remarks must be taken as the incidental observations of a relief worker rather than an exhaustive study of the subject) the outstanding fact is, naturally, the attempt to "proletarianize" education. This is felt all along the line. Proceeding on the general theory of "all power to the workers," there is a constant endeavor to displace old professors with those more in sympathy with the new order, and to make it easier for a "proletarian" and harder for a "bourgeois" to get higher education.

Prospective university students are divided into several classes. Out-and-out peasants and industrial workers' children are even paid a little, in money or in food, while they are in the university. The next group is helped less, the next still less, and the last class, the out-and-out "bourgeois," are compelled to pay a fee which, while small enough when translated into foreign money, is beyond the reach of most of them. Moreover, as the numbers accepted are limited, those who come recommended by Communist groups are favored, and the son or daughter of a former landowner, professor, lawyer, or doctor may find it all but impossible to get into the university at all.

This has gone so far that even Lunarcharsky himself, in a moment of uncommon frankness, ventured to suggest recently that—

> The principle of monopoly of education for the proletariat is a dangerous principle. The declaration that the proletariat wishes to deprive all other classes of education must be considered as an act of political tactlessness. For the *bourgeoisie* will set up their own "home schools" without our control and bring up their children with feelings of hatred toward us. This attempt to isolate the proletariat, together with the new policy with regard to heavy industry [this doubtless refers to the subsidizing of "heavy industry" with funds that the Commissar thinks should be turned over to the schools] means our refusal to struggle for the soul of the small *bourgeoisie* and the working *intelligentsia*, and this is a wrong policy.

Russians have a habit, however, of winking at violations of the letter of the law, and this habit is by no means forgotten even under the strictness of the Soviet régime. One constantly runs across illogical things and droll evasions. In a southern city I was told of a young lady who, in order to enjoy certain privileges which go with being enrolled as a "student," was diligently studying English, although she spoke it and several other languages fluently and had learned her English in the usual *bourgeois* fashion years before the Revolution from a governess!

Professors of ancient languages, of history, economics, and sociology—of all subjects, in short, which might be regarded as *bourgeois* luxuries or come into the region of revolutionary controversy—are in a difficult and often tragic situation. Many have died of starvation or of diseases due in part to undernourishment or exposure. Those who have contrived to hold on to their posts into this time of comparative safety and comfort are desperately driven to make ends meet, and their moral situation is often more painful than their material one.

They are always under suspicion, and can never tell when a chance word may get them into trouble. Such a thing as "academic freedom"—not even a perfect reality in our own country!—is out of the question. Everything is measured in terms of the dominant party's politics. Men grown gray in the service of learning find themselves at the beck and call of ignorant upstarts speaking a different moral and intellectual language. Their minds no less than their bodies are no longer their own.

It is only fair to record, on the other hand, that some of them have found real interest and excitement in their work among the new sort of students and a hunger for knowledge such as, even in Russia, they were not accustomed to before. Among the Bolshevik innovations are the "Workmen's Faculties." With the idea of permitting peasants and workmen who lack the usual secondary or perhaps even grammar school training to fit themselves to become engineers or architects or doctors, for instance, these so-called workmen's faculties attempt in a two years' cramming course to make up for lost time. The results are often absurd. Professors lecture to boys on subjects the mere language of which they can scarcely understand. On the other hand, I have heard professors describe how these same classes have such a thirst for knowledge that they fairly devour the lecturer with their eyes, and when they do not understand what he says go back to their rooms and write him long letters about it!

Here is a characteristic Bolshevik picture of one of these "Rabfacs" (the nickname is boiled down from the Russian words for "Workers' Faculties") from the Kharkov "Communist."

> Kusma is standing before the blackboard. His hand trembles, the chalk draws unsteady characters.
>
> "Courage," says the teacher. "Why is your writing so unsteady?"
>
> "Devil knows! When I get near the board, my hand always trembles." And the broad face of Kusma lights up with a guilty smile. "And yet I fought the Poles, and Denikin and Wrangel, and my hand never trembled!"
>
> Nobody thinks of doubting Kusma. He was Chairman of the Uyezd Committee in one of the bandit districts of Poltava, commander of one of the fighting regiments, and chief of a volunteer detachment. . . .
>
> The bell. A stream of students fills the passage and clatters down the stairs. With what interest, with what thirst and healthy black-earth curiosity do the Rabfacs come to their studies! Never in the old middle school did the Gymnasium boys study like that. Was science of any use for the *bourgeois* children whose only aim was to obtain diplomas for the chance to exploit the people? Learning for them was only a tool for directing the illiterate masses. The middle school was nothing but a workshop of ignorance. Only now in the middle school are we beginning to realize the idea of true science.

The writer goes on to tell how the district of Voronesh supports 500 of

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these "Rabfacs" with food rations, a salary, and clothing. "The majority of them are Communists. The youth which is permitted to study free from worry and other distractions will attain success. They will help move our industry, help organize our economic situation, and speedily change the face of our belated and beggared Russia."

Shortly after the trial of the Social Revolutionists last summer some 150 professors suddenly received notice that they were to leave the country within a week. They could take the equivalent of about $50 with them and their personal baggage, but nothing more. These men were all trained men, veteran teachers; their exile meant a serious loss of intellectual capital to Russia. They were guilty of no concrete offense and accused of nothing except lack of youth and of a flexibility that would permit them easily to adjust themselves to the new régime. In case of counter-revolution or of future invasion, they were a possible source of danger. Lest they be tempted to some overt act, and the Government be forced to take harsh measures against them, it had been decided in the interests of humanity, as Trotsky sardonically explained, to remove them from Russia.

A few, who had already contrived to communicate with universities abroad and arrange for posts there, were rather glad to go. For most of them exile meant simply a leap into the dark. One, an old acquaintance of mine, waited for several weeks, all packed up ready to go, and then received a second notice that he might stay in Russia if he were "good." He was talking in French as he told me the story, and he used the word *sage*. And, as it was difficult "for a man of sixty to be anything but *sage*," he thought he might as well stay!

This same man had been arrested several times by the Bolsheviks and served various brief prison terms. No concrete charge, so far as he could learn, had ever been lodged against him. When, after his last arrest, he had finally been brought before the Commissar, he had asked what might be the charge against him and "what were their proofs."

"Proofs!" grinned the Commissar. "If we had any proofs, you would have been shot long ago!"

In both Moscow and Petrograd are so-called Communist universities—in reality, propaganda schools for the training of promising young peasants and workmen in Marxian theory, with the intention, apparently, that they will go back to their villages and factories and act as little centers of influence and agitation. I visited the one in Petrograd, generally spoken of as the Zinoviev University, and talked at some length with the interesting and energetic woman who seemed to be acting as a sort of managing director. She had been a school-teacher, she said, in the old days in Tsarskoe Selo (a summer home of the Czar near Petrograd), and found her new students much more promising human material than the sons and daughters of gentlefolk.

"Their bodies are not beautiful," was her way of putting it, "but their minds are much healthier than those of the little gentlemen I used to teach. They have a real passion for knowledge."

SALVAGE

That is what C. K. TAYLOR calls the rescue of good boys from bad homes and the making of boys that are not so good into boys that are better. He tells the story of the Boys' Hotel in Kansas City, Missouri, and of the Bonnie Brae Farm for homeless boys in a forthcoming article in The Outlook.

The Zinoviev "university" is in the palace in which the Duma used to meet, and I listened for a moment to a lecture on psychology in the old Duma chamber. A roomful of heavy-faced and rather stupid-looking boys and girls were staring at the lecturer and scribbling in their note-books.

"You see," whispered my conductress, proudly, "there's not a single face from the *intelligentsia* among them!"

She was quite right. A little later, in her office, she explained that only genuine proletarians were admitted here, and that if by chance a student who had more education than he pretended did slip in he was put to lecturing the others. It was difficult to imagine any of these young people developing sufficiently to be of use in the subtler forms of international propaganda, although one could picture them finding a place of some sort as school-teachers or the heads of reading-rooms in their own villages.

There is a bitter need for doctors in Russia, and the medical schools, naturally enough, are crowded with students. Both the universities of Saratov and Odessa, which I visited, appeared to be little more now than big schools of medicine. I met and chatted with several of the professors in each institution—all of them men interested in their science more than in politics, and, as their particular sort of science did not touch the field of controversy, able to keep their footing in the new régime. One of the Odessa men, a keen, polished surgeon, received me in his study, still in his white uniform, his firm hands cool and damp from the antiseptic wash in which he had just bathed them after operating.

He talked of the difficulty of living. The normal salary for a professor of medicine was then 80,000,000 rubles a month (about $16 at that time), slightly over 100,000,000 if he had extra classes, and 135,000,000 if he conducted an operating clinic. He spoke without bitterness or enthusiasm—the compact, practical phrases, the cool, impersonal manner of the capable surgeon who would remain such whatever political winds might blow around him. The chance which such men have to engage in private practice and accept fees outside their regular university or hospital work seemed to differ in different localities. In some cities I was told that private practice was forbidden; in others it was not. The matter was doubtless settled, like many other puzzling questions in this curious transition time in Russia, by local and personal considerations. Technical skill of all sorts is desperately needed in Russia. Even the most intransigent Marxians fall ill now and then, and it is not difficult to imagine that a good deal of leeway might be granted a capable physician, whatever the law might be.

Another of the Odessa professors—a gynecologist of international reputation—was evidently even less circumscribed by the theories of Communism. A jovial, full-blooded individual, with an impudent and devastating wit, he showed us jars containing all sorts of curious and horrible specimens, raced through operating-rooms and corridors trailing a crowd of laughing and adoring students, had his photograph taken with his arms about them, and meanwhile kept up a running fire of more or less sarcastic comment on anything and everything in the new Russian world, that for a man of more timorous and politically conscious temper would have invited prison or worse. It was plain that here was a man whose professional standing raised him quite above party

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politics, who would be regarded as "harmless" (as undoubtedly he was) whatever opinions he expressed—who could "get away with murder," as they say.

In the old days, when the Czarist Government was a target at which anybody could heave bricks, when the outside world romanticized revolution and read with delight of secret printing-presses and theatrical sub-cellars into which only the initiated could penetrate after giving a variety of passwords, the typical revolutionist was a "student." It was he who threw the bomb and gave his life for liberty. The universities were nests of revolt, and a student who had not read a lot of illegal literature was behind the times.

The Bolshevik revolution changed all this. With the dreams of the wildest radicals apparently realized and Russia "a century ahead of western Europe," as the Bolsheviks would say, it was the universities which were left behind the times and which became "nests of reaction." The professor who was liberal or radical in 1905 found himself reactionary in 1917, and when the new rulers began to interfere in the universities and to measure everything by the standard of party politics the professor's quite natural desire for academic freedom and the chance to pursue learning for its own sake became "counter-revolution." The Bolshevik papers are constantly whacking at those who venture to urge the claims of "pure science" detached from politics. There can be no such thing, in their minds. "You are for us or against us."

One reads sarcastic comments on the "professors bent with the dust they have swallowed for years. Born not for the tumult of life," and in their attempts to keep out of the stream of revolutionary struggle, "really aiming to take the schools away from the 'cooks' children,' who have borne the brunt of the Revolution," and keep them for themselves and their class. There is similar sarcastic comment on the political ignorance of the sons and daughters of the former *bourgeoisie* who try to get into the universities along with the "cooks' children":

> In Russia [said "Pravda" recently] there is not a single corner untouched by the Revolution. It is hard to believe that young people who have grown up in these days should know nothing of it and its victories and all those things with which life has been filled for the past five years; who have slept through it all, though they are still only eighteen or twenty; who are still just as if they had just dropped from Mars.

The writer in "Pravda" then proceeds to give what purport to be sample dialogues between the examiner and *bourgeois* applicants for admission to the university:

> Silken curls on a milk-white forehead; the smell of good soap; fine-tipped fingers with polished nails—the daughter of an engineer.
>
> "You read the papers?"
>
> "Yes, sometimes. I mean—no."
>
> "And why do you not read the papers?"
>
> "I am not interested in politics." Nevertheless the startled eyes watch me, trying to find a more elusive answer. "That is, it is not that I am not interested, but I have no time."
>
> "What political government have we in Russia?"
>
> "Communistic. And the dictatorship of the *proletarita*, too."
>
> "Perhaps you know with whom the Soviet power fought during the Civil War?"
>
> "I did not read the papers. I do not know. But is it so important? I have learned the 'Alphabet of Communism,' so please ask me that."
>
> A caressing manner, a face like a peach covered with soft fluff.
>
> "Although I am the son of an archpriest, comrade, I deeply sympathize with the proletarian revolution. And if I am not a member of the party it is only due to the following facts."
>
> "Excuse me, that is not important. What is going on now in the Church?"
>
> "Religion is the opiate of the people. I do not go to church, and I am not interested"—
>
> "That is not what I am asking. What Church movement is going on at present?"
>
> "In the alphabet of Bucharine it says: 'The Church is an engine of bondage for the mind'—
>
> "Comrade, let us agree that I am to put the question and you are to give me a direct answer to it."
>
> "Of course, of course. Please ask me something about political economy—that I know."
>
> "Very well. What is capital?"
>
> "Capital is money. A more or less considerable sum of money."
>
> "And a small sum of money?"
>
> "Oh, but how can one call a small sum of money 'capital'? What can you get for it?"

And so on. Part of the *bourgeois* applicants, the writer says, have been well coached. They have read all the Marxian text-books, and "they come with their books, and, awaiting their turn, continue to read. . . . To all questions of a theoretic nature they answer smoothly, but if a question is put linking these theories with real life complete ignorance instantly appears." The peasant and worker applicants are represented as of quite another type:

> He knows against whom the Civil War was fought and what were its aims, because he took part in it himself. He knows who the "menshiviks" are, because at the factory meetings the latter were beaten in discussion by their own fellow-workers. He knows what the "Constituent Assembly" was and what part it played in the Civil War, because he suffered under it in Samara. . . . The daughter of a weaver knows all about the Genoa Conference, because she has read the papers and gone to meetings. She knows what rights women have won by the October revolution, because she herself took part in the elections in her factory.
>
> These other educated and polished "intelligents" have merely conquered their chapter of Boukharine or Stuchka as their fathers conquered a chapter of "Julius Cæsar." To-morrow they will forget all about Boukharine and Stuchka and turn back to "pure science" to become the academicians of these modern days. The working youth, with their brothers and fathers, have themselves "made politics." Books have only shaped their experience. They—the "cooks' children"—will not put the university between themselves and life and will not answer its appeal by political duncery.

There is undoubtedly something to be said for the examiner's impatience with the habit—by no means restricted to the Russian *bourgeoisie*—of dealing in phrases detached from life. And all these examples of "duncery" are of course just as vivid side-lights on the moral and intellectual fear in which the Russian *intelligentsia* have been living, their desperate attempts to play safe. The psychology about them is really that of war. They are "enemy aliens," so to speak, in their own country, desperately and sometimes shamefully trying to trim their sails to the wind.

It does not require, I think, mountains of statistics, nor any exhaustive investigation of schools and colleges, to gather from bits of life and comment like this a pretty fair general notion of conditions surrounding education in Russia to-day.

The schools are the "poor relations" of a Government faced with every conceivable sort of economic difficulty, and largely preoccupied at the moment, in spite of the dreams of a few of its members, with what it deems more pressing and indispensable things. The ambitious plans of the early enthusiasts have been checked by the lack of material means to put them into effect. All *bourgeois*, whether students or teachers, are hindered and repressed and live and work in an atmosphere of acute moral depression. There has been a tragic loss of intellectual capital in the death, exile, or crushing under of former educational leaders, a general scaling down of scholarship.

On the plus side may be mentioned a certain decrease in illiteracy and a very noticeable increase of the "conscious"—of those reading and wrestling with printed stuff and presumably getting something or other out of it.

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A large number of young people are tackling a middle or higher education who would not have tried it before the Revolution. Some will not be able to "make the grade;" a few will doubtless come out on top, but it seems fair to assume that there will be a quantitative, if not qualitative, improvement. Any broad and systematic working out of educational plans of whatever sort must wait on the slow recovery of Russia from economic and industrial breakdown, and that means of course the restoration of something like peace in Europe.

FROM CONGRESS TO CABINET

EXPERIENCES AND IMPRESSIONS OF PUBLIC LIFE IN WASHINGTON

BY WILLIAM C. REDFIELD

CHAPTER VII—ON HEROES

I HAVE a standing quarrel with the writers of stories of pessimistic realism. They are false prophets, wearing rather the garments of swine than of harmless and useful sheep. They are teachers of the obvious rather than of the actual. Posing as realists, they tell the unreal and are purveyors of profound untruth. No one can live in constant touch with masses of men, be it in industry, war, or government, without constant surprise at the fineness and the strength and the sacrifice that spring out of what seem the most unfriendly surroundings, which thrust aside the outward shell of selfishness and sin and show the inward beauty of life in the day of trial. Incidents of this revealing kind appear in every great government service. Two of them are narrated here which came to light in the ordinary course of department business. Their number could be multiplied.

It is the 17th of January in 1916—the rainy season. A fierce gale is blowing from the southwest and the surf breaks high on the coast of Kauai. The gale rushes freely over a thousand miles of ocean and piles the sea in masses on the lee shore which the island places in its path. Shoals and sea and storm—a pitiless union whose terrors no one knows as well as the sailor. A vessel out of control and a lee shore in a gale of wind—these form the very portal of death to the seaman. Can any help be found in time?

Over on the eastern side of the island the waters are quiet under the protecting shore. The Columbine is there, having come from Honolulu to land the superintendent at Ahukini. Two landsmen are on board—a foreman and a machinist sent to make repairs, quite unaware of the thrilling experience which is soon to be theirs.

As she lies in brief security, let us think for a moment about this lighthouse tender—the Columbine. It is a pleasant name which arouses a sort of mental fragrance, and does not at all suggest the sturdy sea-fighter that this little ship is soon to reveal herself to be. For the Columbine—one likes to repeat the name—is a small ship, about 150 feet in length and of less-than 500 tons displacement. It is well that her hull is steel and in material and workmanship sound and good. It is also well that she has been kept in fine repair under the watchful eye of Captain F. T. Warriner and his staff, for she is twenty-four years old and faces the supreme test of her life.

She is one of the three ships out of 47 that the Lighthouse Service had then in commission, which the wisdom of Congress had provided with wireless. But for that there would be here no story of heroism, but only a tale of tragedy. The ship's complement numbers 25—6 officers and 19 crew. The vessels of their service form one of two fleets in the Department of Commerce, whose work calls them into places where other ships may not safely venture. Hard of hand the men of the crew and perhaps rough of speech, but in a crisis strong and resourceful. As for their officers, all of them, from captain down—wait and see. So, quietly doing her day's work, the Columbine lies in shelter at Ahukini, all on board ignorant of the test they soon must meet and of the revealing light it will throw upon them.

COLUMBINE DASHES TO THE RESCUE

At 8:30 on Monday morning wireless operator Bigler handed to Captain Warriner an intercepted message from Hanapepe, about 25 miles around the coast by sea. It said that the bark British Yeoman was in distress at Port Allen, near by, and asked that aid be rushed. No stop to send the landsmen ashore, no hesitation. The Columbine "immediately got under way. There was a heavy southwest gale blowing, with a heavy head sea." Into this she plunged, fighting her way into the teeth of the gale, facing the full force of the angry Pacific. Soon the power of the storm was such that the vessel had to "slow down on account of the heavy head sea, as she was shipping too much water to drive her full speed." On the way a wireless message is sent to the Harbor Master at Port Allen, asking if the Columbine can get so near the imperiled ship as to put a hawser on board for towing, and the answer comes, "Will have to float hawser to vessel."

Three hours passed and a little more. A few minutes after noon the officers of the rescuing ship saw the task that lay before them. The bark was lying "with her stern in the breakers on a dead lee shore, with only one anchor and flying signals of distress." She had been there five hours, and had already struck nine times heavily, so that the rudder was useless. She was four times as large as the ship that had come to save her.

Captain Warriner writes, "A very heavy sea was running, but wind was moderating." The weather instruments at Port Allen record that the wind was blowing "between 65 and 80 miles an hour," and the captain of a naval tug, of which we shall hear later, reports that the seas were the worst he had seen there and that they were 20 to 25 feet from trough to crest.

BATTLING WITH A HOWLING STORM

Under these conditions the work of rescue began. Currents forbade floating a hawser to the disabled ship, and a small boat must be launched in that fearful sea. What skill and sacrifice lie behind the simple statement that this "was successfully accomplished!" The Columbine anchors well outside and drops down from her anchors toward the bark till near enough for a long hawser to reach. The second officer takes a small line in the boat, and the wind and sea soon drive him alongside the bark, where the line is

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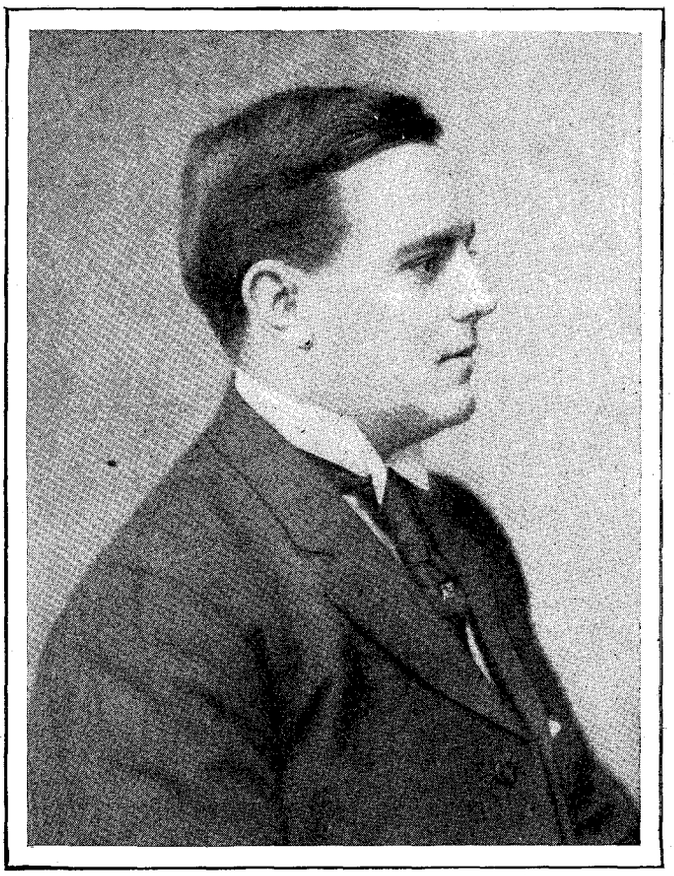

Charles L. Preston, who died of shock after the successful completion of one of the most daring missions ever undertaken by an agent for Uncle Sam

thrown and grasped and the heavy hawser pulled aboard and made secure.

The Columbine lifts anchors and signals to the bark to let hers slip, that towing may begin. But for some reason, at the moment, the bark could neither let her anchor go nor take it in. Then there was instant danger. The Columbine "could not steam ahead or back up." Fast to an anchored ship in a terrible sea and swinging at the end of the hawser that united them, there was constant peril that the rope would foul the propeller, which would mean destruction to both vessels and all on board them. "Both ships were then in a dangerous position and dangerously close to each other. The wind began to freshen. I knew neither ship could hold on during the night, so I cut the hawser, and by working the engine slowly found the propeller was clear."

Meanwhile, reader, try to visualize the freshening gale and mountainous seas, the howling of the storm, the roar of the breakers, the visible imminent danger, the apparently impossible task. Men worked while constantly wet, without sleep, taking food on their feet without ceasing their toil. There was no hope of salvage or chance of financial reward for officers or crew; the fact that they were Government employees forbade that. They risked their lives to save their fellows in willing, unselfish service, finding a stern joy in wresting victory from the elements.

Undaunted, the Columbine again anchors outside, again lowers a boat. Once more this boat drops down alongside the bark and takes from her a wire rope, which is hauled over to the Columbine and made fast. All anchors are up and the vessels start. They go 300 feet, and the wire rope breaks on the bark's bow. She lets go a small anchor, having lost her large one. "The situation then looked desperate. Would her anchor hold while I hove in the wire?" It did. The broken wire cable was drawn on board the Columbine lest it too foul the propeller. Again she anchors, again the small boat is lowered (this was the third time), again the hawser, now doubled, is sent on board the bark.

Now it is "dark, with heavy sea running and heavy rain squalls." All anchors up once more, and they "proceeded for the open sea." "It was indeed an anxious time for all hands, for should the hawser part she would drift ashore and ship and all hands would be lost. At times we were hardly holding our own. I dared not give her more speed on account of the heavy sea."

It took two hours to make "a distance of about one mile." Wind and sea were increasing, barometer falling, and "both vessels pitching heavily." Meanwhile the wire cable that had broken was prepared for further use and a coil of new heavy rope was fastened to it, ready should the towing hawser part. It did part at a quarter past one on Tuesday morning, the 17th, in a squall "blowing a hurricane and raining in torrents." "It was so thick I could not see ten feet ahead, still I knew we had to get hold again, else she would go ashore. The rain ceasing, I made her out close aboard. I made several attempts to put the wire aboard her before succeeding."

Another start. "The bark was then close in on Makuhuena Point. We could see the breakers plainly on her lee beam. We had just managed to weather the Point when the hawser again parted." But the Point *was* weathered, there was sea room now, the immediate peril passed. The Columbine had no hawser left, but "stood by," sending wireless messages saying all her lines had parted and she could no longer tow.

At seven-thirty Tuesday morning she heard that the naval tug Navajo was coming. All day Tuesday the Columbine still "stood by," awaiting the promised help. She made a fruitless trip to intercept a steamer which was thought to be near, and returned to the helpless bark. At 8 P.M. Tuesday the Navajo arrived, and then, after its work was well done, the Columbine's wireless burned out. The Navajo asked the Columbine to "stand by" because the tug had no boats sufficient to take off the bark's crew in case of accident.

Twice during Tuesday night the steel hawsers of the Navajo broke, but on Wednesday at 2 P.M. the three arrived outside of Honolulu. The Columbine went in, got another tug, returned to the bark, and reported that the sea at the entrance to Honolulu Harbor was "breaking heavily" and that the bark could not safely enter, as she could not steer. The Navajo decided to tow the British Yeoman to the lee side of the island into quiet water. The Columbine was released, her duty done.

NO SLEEP FOR FIFTY-SIX HOURS

The captain writes: "I cannot speak too highly of the conduct of the officers and crew under a most trying and dangerous condition, all hands being without sleep for fifty-six hours." There were no exceptions on board, from the captain down. The wireless operator, though seasick, stuck to his post until his instrument failed. The landsmen who were present by accident did their full part. The spirit of the heroic captain was fully reflected in the spirits of the officers and crew. It was officially reported to Washington that "nothing short of valor, heroism, and deter-

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mination enabled the master, officers, and crew of the Columbine to save the imperiled vessel."

It is impossible to give adequate praise to such an achievement, but the Secretary of Commerce wrote Captain Warriner, expressing "high appreciation of the services rendered by all on board during the rescue in which the best traditions of the Lighthouse Service have been upheld so well," and the President of the United States wrote his thanks for "the report of the heroic services of the officers and crew of the Columbine," adding: "I have read it with quickened pulses. . . . Convey to these men my personal congratulations." Two other vessels were destroyed near Port Allen in the same storm which so nearly brought the British Yeoman to disaster.

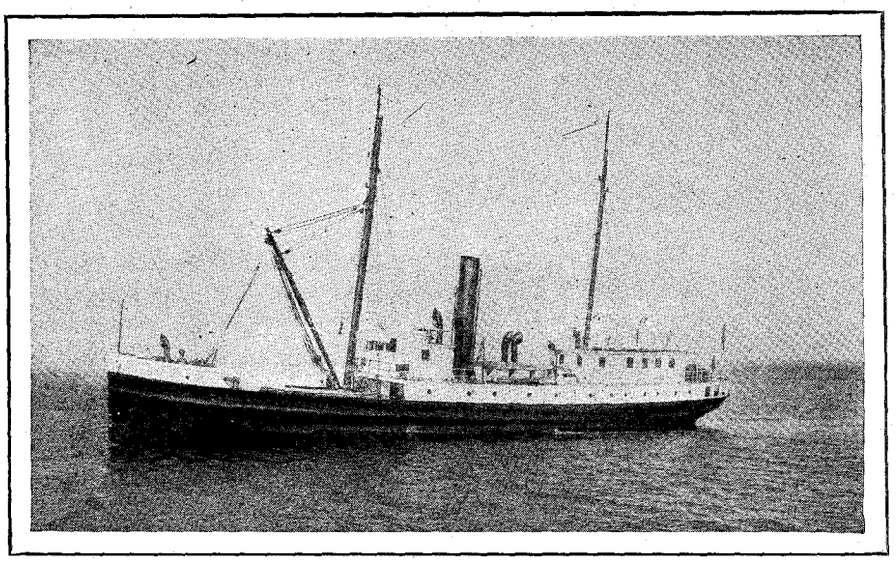
But a word of appreciation must be given the brave men on the Navajo. She is a little vessel, low in the water; her decks were always under the great seas and the men were not permitted on the lower deck. The great pitching and rolling of the little tug left no one on board free from seasickness except "Jimmy Navajo," the mascot, and even of him the captain said he "was a mightily dejected dog."

Nor must we close the incident without saying that the spirit of the men of the Columbine was typical rather than unique. They had a great opportunity, and met it nobly, but so have others done when they had the privilege. A rule was made in the Department of Commerce that a personal letter should be sent by the Secretary to men who went out of their way to render unselfish service beyond the usual call of duty. It became necessary to write such letters frequently to men of various services, but that was natural, since in one way or another service in aid of life or property was rendered somewhere within the department's scope at least as often as once every three days.

There is much in Washington that shows the seamy side of life, but for him who hath eyes to see there is also much to make one walk with uplifted head in finer faith in his fellows. In this belief let us turn to another story.

A MONUMENTAL QUEST FOR PLATINUM

The manufacture of war explosives required the use of platinum for certain chemical processes, and it was necessary soon after we entered the war to secure an unusual quantity of this precious metal. The chief source of supply was Russia, and at the request of the War Department the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce purchased through agents in Petrograd some sixteen thousand ounces, which was duly shipped to this country, consigned to the Secretary of Commerce. Its value was then from $95 to $105 per ounce, and it was with much relief that the costly material was turned over on its arrival to the War Department. It became evident, however, that still more was required to satisfy the appetite of the cannon for explosives, but by this time, early in 1918, the Russian Revolution had closed the former avenues of purchase. Still the "vitally necessary" platinum must be had "almost at any cost," the record says, and it could be found in sufficient quantity only in Russia.



"The Columbine—it is a pleasant name which . . . does not at all suggest the sturdy sea-fighter"

Emergencies are said to bring the men able to cope with them; certainly this crisis found in Charles Leroy Preston those combined qualities which led to his selection to carry out a desperate enterprise. Mr. Preston had been connected with the Department of Commerce for service in Russia, where he had lived twelve years; he "spoke the language and was familiar with the Russian people."

Chosen by the War Department for the dangerous duty, because of his peculiar fitness for it, he volunteered to serve without compensation. "His mission was necessarily a secret one," and he undertook it as a civilian. Let us look at the man for a moment before he enters on his perilous task. Mr. Preston was a young business man who was not quite forty years of age when this story opens. He had been connected with a great shoe-manufacturing company for seventeen years. He had become experienced as a collector and buyer of hides for several large concerns, and had been successful in 1916 in removing a large quantity of calf skins from Riga under circumstances of great difficulty. A friend writes: "The character of Mr. Charles L. Preston was notable in that it combined a youthful spirit of adventure with a sober business sense which the big industrial men respected highly; at one time he could be a dashing and handsome young man driving a sporty motor car at a seaside resort, and at another time a man who could negotiate relentlessly for a business advantage with the keenest commercial minds in Russia."

A DESPERATE UNDERTAKING

The task before him was one to tax the powers of the ablest. He was secretly to take a large sum ($2,500,000), enter Siberia, and go as far as was necessary to secure its value in platinum. This he was to bring back to Vladivostok and deliver there to our Government representative. It was known that the Trans-Siberian Railway line was broken and that hard fighting was going on along the line. The country near the railway was infested with robber bands to whom all save themselves were foes. It was doubtful if one could enter at all; it was much more doubtful if one could penetrate for the thousands of miles it might be necessary to travel to accomplish the result. Most uncertain of all was the return.

All the dangers were accentuated by the precious freight to be carried both ways. This young American business man willingly undertook the desperate task. He kept a journal of his experiences, which is all too brief and in which his major task is nearly invisible. It permits, however, when supplemented by facts derived from other sources, such knowledge of his noble and unselfish service as even his modesty could not wholly conceal.

Arriving at Vladivostok about the first of May, 1918, he found the city in the hands of the Bolsheviks. Life at a so-called hotel was nearly impos-

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sible; food and service were bad and cleanliness could not be had. He was welcomed on board our flagship Brooklyn and remained there some months. He succeeded during this period in accomplishing a part of his work, but, as it was impossible to get sufficient quantities of platinum, he "found it imperative to travel to the center of Siberia," and perhaps to "continue to the Ural Mountains."

On June 29 the Czechoslovaks in their marvelous Odyssey captured Vladivostok and gradually secured control of the railway lines connecting that port with the main Trans-Siberian Railway. In August Allied troops arrived in Vladivostok, and on the 27th of that month our own infantry came from the Philippines. By this time the Czech troops were scattered at intervals along the railway from Central Siberia eastward, holding it temporarily in partial control.

AUTHORITY, DIPLOMACY, AND BLUFF

By several months of patient, adept effort, Mr. Preston had secured the co-operation, not only of the American Consul and officers, but of Russian officials. Meanwhile the manager of the Russian end of the Red Cross concluded that Preston was the best available man to conduct a train-load of hospital supplies through to Irkutsk, in Siberia. This idea appealed to Preston as a means of entrance which would permit getting small lots of platinum from time to time from wandering soldiers and from the secret stocks of noblemen while moving toward his main design. The Red Cross work was at once sincere and useful service and invaluable camouflage. He therefore became a major in the Red Cross, commissioned "to proceed to the interior, ostensibly for the purpose of establishing Red Cross hospitals for the relief of the Czechoslovaks." This humane duty he did well, for before he left Vladivostok he organized a hospital at the port under great difficulties, another at Harbin, and a third farther north. This work occupied the time until September first.

The arrival of troops and the temporary success of the Czechs in Siberia made it then possible to start with the carefully developed Red Cross record as an effective background. With amazing skill and a happy combination of authority, diplomacy, and bluff—he said he hardly knew how it was done—he secured a train from the local railway officials. It was loaded with supplies and with the cash he had to carry, and after "much preparation and hard work" he started west on September 14. There were six in the party besides four American soldiers assigned as guards, two Chinese cooks, and a Russian porter. This was the first train that went west over the Trans-Siberian Railway after its operations were interrupted by the Bolsheviks.

Four hours after their start there were signs of trouble ahead. They met the Czech Commander in a train taken from the Bolsheviks. It "showed plainly the bullet holes, broken windows, and generally battered condition which one expects to find on a train that had gone through such ordeals as many of the trains on the Siberian railways were obliged to undergo. Practically all of the fighting was done along the railways, and a greater part of the damage was done to railway property, as bridges destroyed, water towers blown up, and coal and wood burned in wholesale quantities meant just so much more trouble and delay to those who were attempting to get the railways into working order."

THROUGH STUPENDOUS HARDSHIPS

At Harbin the Russian transportation manager refused to furnish a dining-car that had been promised. "By pure bluff" Mr. Preston "bearded him in his den"—"just to show that he couldn't keep an American out by refusing to see him. . . . We succeeded in doing exactly as we had made up our minds to do."

He got the car, cleaned and stocked it, and was off in a half day. On the 19th a pro-Bolshevik official refused to furnish an engine, saying there was no fireman. Preston said he would furnish one. Then there was no engineer, etc. On investigation, he found three engines with steam up and with full crews; "the station-master and the roundhouse master were delaying us out of pure cussedness." They were invited either to supply an engine at once or to have an interview with the Japanese railway guard.

"I am sure," said Preston, "the Japs will be able to convince you that I have a right to an engine." They got the engine. Farther on they were fortunate enough to be hitched to a Czech troop train of sixty-five cars. They went slowly, for there had been "heavy fighting less than six weeks before." . . . "Many of the bridges and culverts had been blown up by the Bolsheviks, and the temporary ones were a little shaky." The water-towers were gone, and all fuel. The Czech soldiers scoured the country to collect old ties and pieces of wood "to have enough fuel to keep steam." The journal proceeds: "In many places the country looked as though a cyclone had struck it; . . . houses and barns had been burned, . . . there were many traces of wrecked trains" and remains of abandoned plunder. An important bridge was gone, but a temporary one was erected "on a level with the [water in the] river, but when it rained the water flowed over the top of the bridge." It would not support an engine, so the train was pushed down onto this bridge; then an engine crept cautiously down the opposite bank and pulled the train up. The damage to the line was such that on some days they could run less than 160 miles in twenty-four hours.

At Chita and elsewhere they "were swamped with requests for permission to ride, which it was necessary to refuse." Some "very officious" Russian officers were told they "could ride in the freight car on the rear of our train, which served as a caboose for our train crew." From Chita west there was less trouble, because of Czech control of the line. One tunnel was blown up, and Mr. Preston gives a vivid account of the combats for mastery on the railway. Irkutsk was found to have been the scene of desperate fighting.

"The town is spattered with bullet marks, . . . many public buildings have been burned or blown up, . . . the Governor's palace . . . is one mass of bullet marks." It was found there that the information regarding platinum received before the start was "absolutely unreliable," and there was no "hope to have any success unless I continued my journey to the Ural Mountains." The railway westward was at the time less disturbed. One bridge guard was "made up of forty men; thirty had boots and twenty-five had rifles, so that they were obliged to take turns in wearing the boots and carrying the rifles." At Omsk there was plenty of food; indeed, during the trip "of nearly twelve weeks, covering about nine thousand miles, at no time were we without a plentiful supply of white bread. There was an abundance of everything that Siberia produced, but the unfortunate conditions [political] and the crippled . . . railway, together with the utter indifference . . . shown by . . . every government official, made the distribution of these immense supplies impossible. Sugar, tea, tobacco, cloth, leather, medicines . . . did not exist."

They pressed on westward. At one station "there were eight different kinds of soldiers to be seen on the station platform and endless numbers of refugees." All along the route Red Cross supplies were furnished to the Czechs, who were without money, supplies, rifles, ammunition, or clothing, and "slowly but surely being sacrificed man by man" for lack of support. So doing hospital work on the way and ordering by wire further Red Cross materials to be sent up from Vladivostok, Preston pushed ahead even to Ekaterinburg, in European Russia,

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then but forty miles from the fighting front, which was being steadily forced eastward. There he found active help from the American Consul for his "particular business."

WHERE THE CZAR WAS MURDERED

He visited the house in which the Czar was murdered, and gives a detailed account of the massacre of the Imperial family and of other Bolshevik outrages. He succeeded in getting all the platinum which the local banks had and made arrangements for more. Nevertheless Mr. Preston records that the month he spent in Ekaterinburg while collecting platinum was "one of the dreariest and most depressing periods of my life. There was misery and suffering on all sides." By November 11 he "had expended all the available money and it was necessary to return." So, taking the consul along, he started back.

At Omsk we heard of the Armistice and received "a telegram from Washington stating that I should cease my activities for the time being, which exactly coincided with my desires." There remained only the duty of getting out with his purchases. So eastward, keeping his treasure concealed so far as was possible under his mattress, picking up a car of flour for the hospital at Vladivostok, seeing some Bolsheviks caught at cutting the telegraph wires, transporting meanwhile seventy invalided Czechs in three sanitary cars of his train, he went back to Irkutsk on November 21. There "Bolsheviks had renewed their activities" and "two nights before our arrival there were twenty-one robberies and murders committed during the night."

TRAINS MANNED BY CUTTHROATS

To the east of Irkutsk new worries arose. Semenoff at Chita had protested against Kolchak's dictatorship and was threatening "all kinds of trouble." Mr. Preston "had too much money in cash and too much valuable material" in his possession to take any unnecessary chances. Nevertheless at Chita his train pulled in on the track next to one where two of Semenoff's armored trains were standing. They "were manned by the worst-looking lot of cutthroats imaginable." Mr. Preston writes: "I smile . . . when I thought how . . . these same rascals would be acting if they knew that in addition to being the innocent Red Cross train, as we appeared to be, I had a few million [gold] rubles on board as well as other very valuable materials."

Naturally, he was "in a tremendous hurry to get out of Chita," and after an unexpected delay because a Czech soldier had gone off to buy bread he "was greatly relieved to get out of Chita without any unpleasant incidents, for he thought Chita was "the worst point." It was just then that "it looked as though our troubles were about to begin in earnest," for at a junction they ran in behind a so-called Post Train that had been waiting ten hours for an engine.

The station-master would promise nothing, so Mr. Preston took things in his own hands. Finding the railway workmen had not been paid for three months and were short of food, he offered for a train crew "a square meal and as much money as they demanded if it was anywhere within reason." In an hour and a half they were on their way, leaving the Post Train behind them.

BOSTON is famous for its sea food, but when, during the war, it came to urging the citizens of the city presided over by the golden codfish to add

MUSSELS

to their diet, a loud protest arose. The Boston fire chief objected to having the "new" food tried out on his men, but the chief of police asked,

"ARE THEY POISONOUS?"

and upon being assured that they were not, a barrel of mussels was accepted by every police station in Boston and the good work of introducing this appetizing sea food was begun.

Ex-Secretary Redfield tells the story of how this was done in next week's installment of his reminiscences.

DASH FOR PLATINUM SUCCESSFUL; HERO DIES

From this time on there were no serious troubles. On December 3, at 1 A.M., he arrived at Vladivostok. There they worked from seven in the morning until ten that night, packing and sealing the material they had brought. It was delivered to our waiting transport at 11:30 P.M., and the ship sailed at five in the morning. He felt "as though some one had taken off my shoulders more care and worry than I hope to be obliged to carry in the future."

He had done his work, and done it well. The platinum was bought at about twenty-five per cent less than the limit given him. "I was tired and under the weather," he writes. He resigned his Red Cross Commission and sailed December 23, 1918, for home. The following despatch, dated February 17, 1919, tells what followed:

> Charles Preston arrived home to his family apparently in good health. One hour later suffered a shock from which he never regained consciousness and died about six o'clock this evening.

In recommending him for a Distinguished Service Medal—which for technical reasons was never awarded—it was said: "This journey was accomplished only by overcoming almost insurmountable difficulties and at constant and great personal hazard and hardship, and was only carried out by the exercise of remarkable energy, tact, and bravery." It was suggested that his citation read:

> For exceptionally meritorious services to the Government in carrying out a secret mission to the interior of Russia, while that country was in the throes of the Bolshevik revolution, for the purpose of obtaining a quantity of platinum vitally necessary to the military operations of the Government, which required a remarkable degree of business ability, tact, and unflinching courage, and which was successfully performed at great and constant personal risk and hardship.

"His mission," wrote the Chief of Ordnance, "which he accomplished with signal success, was of great value, and if, as I understand, he contracted the malady from which he died while so serving the Government, he as truly and unselfishly gave his life for his country as did the soldiers who were killed on the battlefield."

I deem it a privilege to give to his fellow-countrymen this story of the heroic service of Charles L. Preston.

The quotations made above are from the official records in the case of the Columbine and from Mr. Preston's journal and official correspondence in the latter case. Of all these men, and many others like them, serving unselfishly and often unknown, it may be truly said that they deserved well of their country. When I hear slighting references to Government employees, I think of Preston and of Captain Warriner and his men and rejoice to know that there are others who will follow the fine examples they have set.

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HOUND OF SONG

BY ISABEL FISKE CONANT

MANY a day my master
And I hunt alone,
And I run faster
Than his flung stone.

Like the wind upon it
I can race his heath
And bring back a sonnet
For him in my teeth.

Pointing, believing
In his swift, sure word,
I run, retrieving
His fallen wood bird.

When, from the rushes,
I bring it back, dead,
His cheek flushes,
And he shakes his head.

His strange eyes soften
As he strokes it, still warm,
With, "Beauty, how often
Have I done you harm!" . . .

I am a god's shadow,
Swift hound of song;
I run a morning meadow
Where a wind blows strong.

OXFORD AGAIN—A RHODES SCHOLAR GOES BACK

BY ROBERT HALE

"WELL rowed, New College! Jolly well rowed! Well rowed, indeed."

The eights surge on. "Come on, Magdalen!" With all her Etonians good at the oar, she cannot get back to her former place at the head of the river. New College sweeps on to the mark by Folly Bridge. "Keep it long, Merton!" "Well rowed, Oriel!" So cries the chorus of youths in clear clipped English as the fleet procession passes, its oar blades dipping diamonds in the June sun. Christ Church, and Trinity, and Corpus. Gad, that was almost a bump for Corpus! But Trinity pulled away out of the gut. There are Magdalen's second boat and John's! And so on. Thirty-five boats full of Kit Morley's "gay, intolerant gallant boys."

The towing path behind its screen of standing spectators is alive with young men running. The watchmen's rattles and the pistols and the bronze lungs of youth, fair-headed and exuberant, maintain their steady din—the din of earlier years. It is not the organized, regimented exuberance of the American cheering section, but the exuberance of youth and the playing fields and June—a trifle shy, perhaps, but very genuine.

Here on our side, on the barges, and in the great elms of Christ Church meadow, we stand and watch and talk and gossip and remember. We are less active on our side of the Isis. It is the *rive droite* which runs and shouts; it is the *rive gauche* which drinks tea and criticises—and remembers. Yes, it remembers other boats and other bumps and other oars. It remembers the lusty stroke of ten years back, who was done in at Vimy; and number four, who crashed a plane in Mespotamia; and bow, who might as well have, for peace brought him no rewards, but only British East Africa and the taking of finger-prints of savages round Nairobi. They were good oars, but even better fellows. Shall we look upon their like again, or are we looking at them now? The left bank is no less noisy than we recall it in the year of grace 1912.

Hullo! the boats are all gone! The red flag is down at the 'Varsity Boat House. Here comes the crush of punts—punts paddled and punts poled. "Rob Roys" and "Canadas," yellow parasols and blue blazers and white flannels and colored balloons floating from punt poles. Beyond the green of Alden's meadow and the fields that stretch back to "the skirts of Bagley's Wood where most the gypsies by the turf-edged way pitch their smoked tents." Here are those two excursion steamers (pre-war) making nearly a mile an hour in the "scrum" of boats. They are crowded, black with people. Oh, piracy, piracy, *jure gentium!* The water is full of shiny-haired heads. Strong young arms stretch up. There is no resisting. Glistening bodies emerge. The captors swarm aboard. The steamers are captured. The craft roll heavily with the alternating exertions of invaders to starboard and invaders to port. A priceless rag! The *rive gauche* remembers nothing like it. Will the steamers upset?

Luck is with them, and they survive. Eights are over; the river is the rowing man's and the fullness thereof. And it is very full. We do not remember—yet the very remembrance of other years, and of their lost summer afternoons, is a stabbing thought. The rowing path is now silent and deserted, and we know that the races were over for us long ago. But time is a benevolent thief, and there is even pleasure to-night in his robberies. The *rive gauche* saunters up the Broad Walk decorously, some of us under sheltering parasols. Dons go back to pupils, and pupils to dons. It is much later than one had realized, and Hall is at seven-thirty. Less than one hundred miles away this afternoon, Captain Cuttle has won the Derby, and they say a million looked on from far and near. Yet here we are, fifteen thousand of us at least, strolling back from the river.

Has there been a war since we were up? There is no mourning in the foliage, no darkness in the May-time blue. The college quads have not changed, unless to cover themselves more abundantly with vines. There is no trace of the barracks or hospitals or drill grounds that we heard so much of in the dark years; Oxford is as it was.

"Oxford," exclaimed the young Rhodes scholar three terms up, "Oxford never changes. Yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow, it is the same." The hour was early, and as he spoke I saw a tousle-haired young man in a bathrobe with a Turkish towel flung across sturdy shoulders emerging from the inner quad. "Where has he been?" I asked, idly remarking that the river lay the other way.

"Oh,. he's just coming from the showers," said my guide. *And yet Oxford never changed!* He really believed it. One heard it so often. Oxford, the haunt of the lost causes and the dead enchantments of the Middle Ages. Well, loyalty to that tin tub with its inch of standing dirty freezing water would have been too

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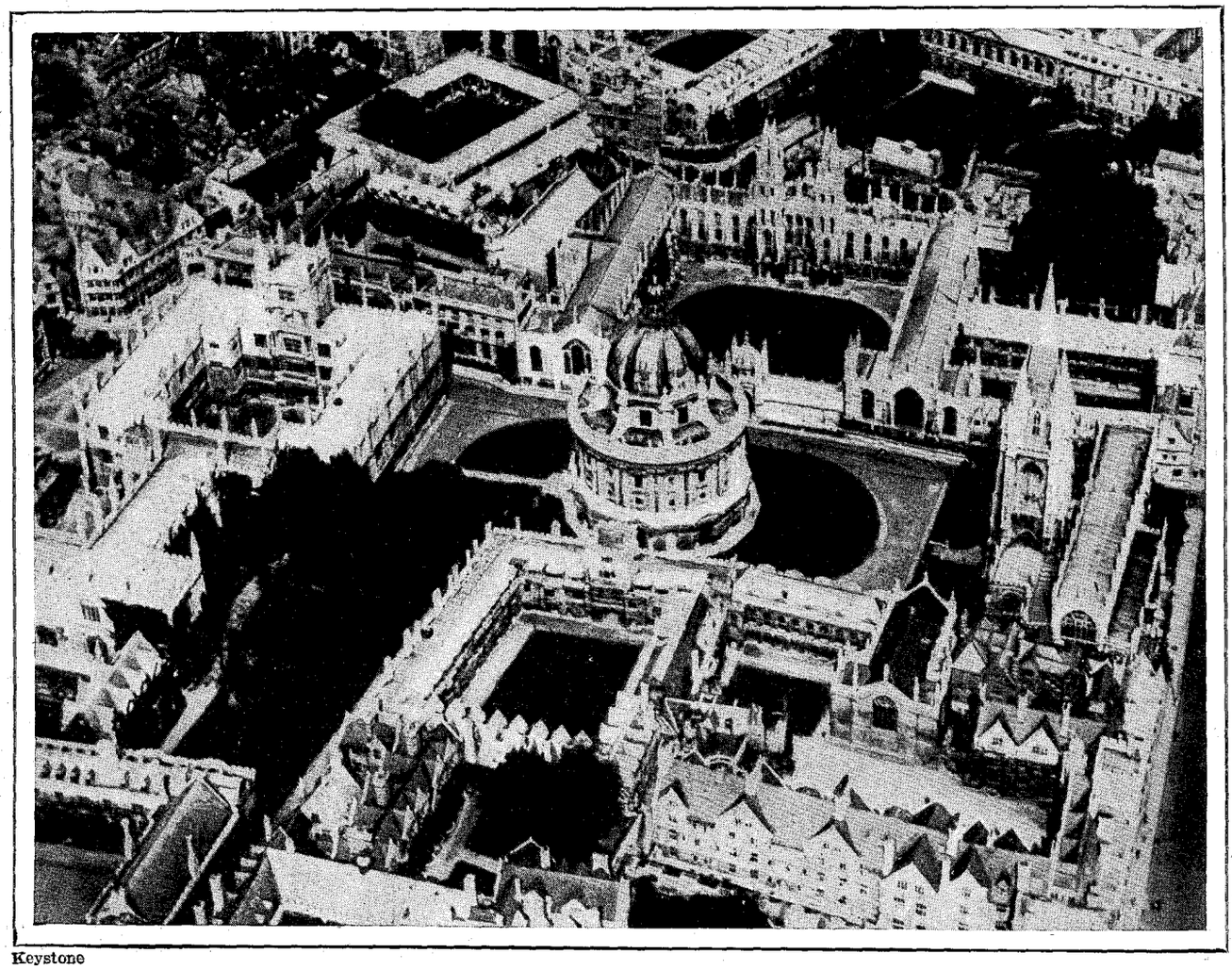
impossible—even for us sentimental pilgrims to the shrine of our first twenties.

We wandered into the chapel. And there, before one comes to those polished marble succumbent figures of "Sir Thomas Pope Knight, Our Founder and the Lady Elizabeth his wife deceased," one sees a tablet. There is a tablet in all the Oxford chapels now. On this tablet is an inscription. Oxford's sons have indeed been loyal to the nation. Here are the names of those *qui pacem comparaverunt* by giving their lives decorously for England. Of the forty in our year, I read the names of thirteen. They have their England now in some corner of a foreign field. Perhaps that corner is forever Oxford; Oxford was all they knew of life—all they could know of it until they learned its last and greatest secrets. Well, the best and worthiest of us are named on that tablet. And the rest are forgotten, as becometh us. In an Oxford that never changes it must be so. There is Milcham, our scout. He was eighty or more when we were up. And now ten years later he is no older. *Tempora labuntur*, and through the silent years he remains the same—silver haired, smiling, competent, *always* eighty.

At teas in college gardens, at breakfasts in college rooms, at dinners at the high tables, we renewed our youth and tasted the novelty of a momentary importance. The port, one noted, was never better, the *Graves* cup admirable. The Latin grace flows up to the dais no less unctuously than of yore. Poets and prelates and statesmen of other centuries in gown and powdered periwigs still look down in faded oils upon those who aspire to be their successors. These, no doubt, are only more of the lost enchantments. And yet at Oxford one is never certain which is the anachronism and which is the contemporary. The two dignified gentlemen we saw strolling together one morning in the flowing robe of the portraits up and down the quadrangle were the Warden of All Souls and the Archbishop of York. They seemed so much in outward harmony with the Oxford of the crenelations and the chained books. And yet it would be a most elementary error to imagine they were not of the here and the now. The Archbishop, one remembered, was for reform in the Divorce Law.

No, the Oxford of to-day is not all tawny-haired and pink-cheeked youth running along the towing path. That is certain. One sees there grave and anxious men, some young, some older, worried men, men deep in the troubled and vital problems of the Government and the Empire—editors and journalists, officials and statesmen, who come to Oxford to rest and think and exchange ideas. Never in such a short time were we asked so many challenging questions: What did America think of reparations? And of debts? Could we keep on with France? Where was she leading the Allies? Could Lloyd George's brakes



Keystone

"The college quads have not changed. . . . There is no trace of the barracks or hospitals or drill grounds that we heard so much of in the dark years; Oxford is as it was"

AN AERIAL VIEW OF OXFORD—NEW COLLEGE IN THE DISTANCE, RADCLIFFE CAMERA IN THE MIDDLE FOREGROUND

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work on Poincaré better than Wilson's on Clemenceau? What were we to do about Russia? Was there any way out of the muddle in Ireland? What did America think of Egypt? of India? of Mahomet? of Gandhi? Had the Washington Conference had the results claimed for it?

And one heard opinions no less challenging. "Could we not," inquired our host at breakfast, down for the week-end from a life of peril in the Foreign Office, "have in international affairs more thought and less propaganda, more concern about ideas and less about their dissemination? Could not the comparatively few men in each country who make opinion in international affairs have more opportunity for the intimate exchange of those opinions?"

"Yes," some one was telling us at lunch, "Von B. came back from Germany a while ago just to see the old place. He said, with fifteen more years of Rhodes Scholarships in Germany, the war could not have happened."

And as our minds were busy with this and that tale of the war, the talk turned to the late Sir Walter Raleigh, professor of English literature. "Yes," said our friend, "he was doing the history of the Royal Air Force, you know. He flew out to Bagdad and got a fever and never got well. Hard to say who's going to carry on his work."

Out flying over Bagdad! That quiet elderly scholar whom we could associate only with half-remembered lectures on Dryden's "Absalom and Achitophel" one term in the New Examination Schools! *Inter silvas academi*—flying over Bagdad!

Oxford! It's always Oxford, you know. Same old place. It never changes.

THE NEW CROP

BY ZEPHINE HUMPHREY

IS the summer tourist as wholesome and honorable a crop as any other? That is a question that assails one who observes conditions in certain parts of rural New England nowadays.

There can be no doubt that the new form of cultivation is supplanting the old. The situation is recognized. Not long ago a Vermont weekly paper published an editorial on the theme, frankly advocating the State's concentration of interest and energy on the tourist. Agriculture was played out, so it declared. At the best, farming had never secured anything but a dubious prosperity for the Green Mountain State; and now, what with high prices and difficulty of transportation and scarcity of labor, it was a losing game. Whereas the tourist business was growing constantly. Vermonters must turn from their plows and corn-huskings and go in with all their might for better roads, more hotels, wider advertising. They must soberly look on the tourist as their livelihood.

Well, when a thing is so it is so. If destiny has decreed that rural New England shall henceforth amuse the world instead of feeding it, there is nothing to be done but accept and make the best of the inevitable.

Certainly it is no mean function to amuse people as Vermont is capable of amusing them. Re-create is a better word. Among the hills and forests, beside the lakes, in the deep meadows of this most lovably beautiful State, tired bodies and minds can be healed of all the maladies incident to our feverish modern life, restless thoughts can be stilled, obscured visions cleared, and poise re-established. A community which makes this sort of ministration its regular business is surely engaged in a most honorable calling. Never mind if it can no longer give wheat and corn to be made into bread. Man shall not live by bread alone, and Mount Mansfield and Mount Equinox are among the noblest words which ever proceeded out of the mouth of God.

And yet, while gladly admitting all that, some of us who have long loved Vermont feel a persistent regret and distaste at its wholesale giving over to the service of the tourist. How will the thing work out? Will it foster the self-respect, will it really enlarge and ennoble the spirit of each party to the transaction?

How has it worked already? That is a more sensible question, for the process has been in operation long enough to manifest tendencies, and perhaps in considering them certain warnings and reassurances can be arrived at.

In several valleys of my acquaintance for the last two or three decades there has been a steadily increasing influx of "summer people." At first they came mostly as boarders in the small local hotels and in a few farmhouses. They stayed for only a few weeks at a time, and made no impression to speak of on the community life. They were simple folk, dressing quietly and minding their own business.

Then presently, since they really loved Vermont, they began buying up "abandoned farms" and living on them for two or three months. That did all very well. An abandoned farm is a sore spot in any community, and it is much better to have it occupied for a quarter of the year than not at all. Moreover, the newcomers were still simple—in fact were simpler than ever—and desired nothing better than to learn in all humility the established country ways. There was no end to the good-natured mirth they caused by their efforts to till their soil and care for their live stock. They were diverting, like children beginning to learn how to live, but they were human, real "folks." The sentiments they called forth were the genial, beneficent ones of amusement and tolerance, affection and helpfulness.

But when the abandoned farms were gone and the city people still continued to come in search of country homes, a new thing happened. It began to seem possible that farm land in actual process of cultivation might be sold for building lots. I do not know who conceived this idea, whether it was first expressed as an offer on the part of some farmer or as a plea on the part of some city person, but I am afraid it introduced the serpent into Paradise. When once it was put into effect, the line between urban and rural was drawn and a new order began.

In the Vermont valleys I have in mind a number of farms have now wholly passed from the hands of native Vermonters into those of city people born and bred. In one or two instances the new owners have set themselves to cultivate and develop the fields, applying new methods and implements, and there the results have been highly gratifying. But for the most part the acres have ceased to be farms and have become the well-groomed pleasure grounds of summer homes, and there I cannot think there has been no loss of dignity and beauty. Landscape gardening does all very well, but fields that have known the mystic significance of wheat must hate to bear nothing but lawns.

After the buying of farmhouses came the building of new houses—cottages, bungalows, shacks, summer homes, here, there, everywhere. As a rule they have tried to conform to old architectural standards and many of them are admirable; but some of them are frankly suburban, and almost all of them have an air—how shall one put it?—an air of being not quite in earnest, of subserving life's

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more trivial concerns instead of its graver issues. They are open none of them ever for more than half the year, and most of them for only a few months. During the rest of the time they are shuttered and forbidding spots of silent loneliness. People who live in the country only part of the year forget how important the other part is and how much it matters whether there is an evening lamp more or less along the dark roads. Where no house has ever stood there the stars and the friendly moon suffice; but where a human habitation rears a blind and deserted bulk the passer-by shivers and hastens his steps. Winters are hard enough for Vermonters, anyway. It seems a pity to add a psychological misery to the physical hardships they must always endure.

But how about the summers? Do they make up in companionship, in light and mirth and diversion, for the winter's lack? In our particular valley this summer there are people from almost every State in the Union and from China, South America, Italy, Belgium, France, Russia. Visiting clergymen preach in the village church, visiting painters exhibit their canvases, visiting musicians give concerts. How can it fail to happen that there is a quickening and expansion of spirit through the whole community? I think it cannot fail, and I rejoice in the sight of resident faces in the summer gatherings. Proudly I state the fact that our valley has a growing reputation for intelligence. Nevertheless it often happens that I miss more home faces than I see in the above-mentioned gatherings, and I realize that they are absent either because the care of the summer people entails so much work or, alas! because country garments do not relish comparison with those from Fifth Avenue. Now of course sturdy New Englanders ought not to mind such comparison, but it is humanly natural that they should do so; and, on the other hand, New Yorkers ought to mind it more than they do.

That is the point—at least one of the points—toward which our study of tendencies seems to be carrying us: The summer tourist takes little heed of the real nature of the social life in the midst of which he spends his vacations. Oh, he thinks he takes plenty of heed when he buys or builds him a house! The more intelligent he is, the more carefully he conforms to old fashions, selecting quaint wall-papers and chintzes, fine old mahogany furniture, braided rugs, pewter candlesticks. He knows how to achieve the most thoroughly charming, harmonious effects. But they are not always quite real, these effects; paradoxically, his harmonies do not always ring true. They are too studied, for one thing; and then they are no longer popular among his actual New England neighbors, the twentieth-century Yankees. Curled maple and crex and linoleum for them! Moreover, when he has finished and furnished his house, what kind of life does the summer resident proceed to live in it? A plain, old-fashioned, laborious life, full of manual work, bounded by early hours, instinct with simple neighborliness? That is the kind of life the native New Englanders, when left to themselves, still lead, thus proving themselves true to the spirit of the old days, even though they have cast aside many of the old trappings. But the summer resident stops after making his environment what seems to him suitable, and his clothes and habits conform, not to the old days, but to the very new. In the midst of his homely pewter and chintz, before his crane and kettle, flanked by his big spinning-wheel, he gives elaborate entertainments of the most sophisticated nature, and, attended by metropolitan servants, dallies with the languid, shimmering hours of summer idleness.

Now of course no one would go so far as to say that in entering a community newcomers should adapt themselves to all the present local customs, that all the new-laid floors should be covered with linoleum. Some things are eternally, intrinsically more admirable than others, and if the eyes of twentieth-century New Englanders could be opened to the superiority of braided rugs and old mahogany the summer tourist would have rendered a great service. But that is not the way his influence works. His approval of an old clock or an old chair in the garret of a farmhouse makes the article seem, not something to be cherished, but something to be sold at the highest possible price. And in bargaining and selling the New Englander is apt to laugh a good deal in his sleeve, which is not wholesome for any one.

People must be "folks" to each other; again that conviction asserts itself as the crux of the thing. In the valleys of my acquaintance there are presumably no social distinctions, but I wonder how many farmers' wives would run to the back door of a summer cottage to borrow a cupful of sugar.

The inns and hotels are the most discouraging elements in the whole situation. Being largely in the hands of alien corporations, they are manipulated altogether in the interests of the summer tourist. With their private baths and electric lights, their imported servants and orchestras, their expensive, many-coursed meals, they are nothing if not sophisticated, and they seem as exotic as cows and hens on Fifth Avenue. Time was when the inn in our village was not an inn at all, but a simple country hotel, charging a dollar a day. Everybody went there—farmers, village people, commercial travelers, the few summer tourists. It was a general gathering-place. Now, though it looks outwardly much the same, for its fine old structure was too good to spoil, inwardly it is as changed as Cinderella was on the night of the ball, and its concern is wholly with the tourist who has his pocket well lined. I often look at it thoughtfully as I pass by on the other side of the village street and wonder what it really thinks of the transformation it has undergone. Is it gratified? Does it glory in the gay, perfumed life that sweeps so blithely through it during the summer months and then leaves it to dream and ponder behind its drawn shades? Or does it miss us, its old homely friends, and wish it were once more an integral part of the community life? Old houses are so full of personality that they seem entirely to deserve to be called folks, and folks suffer when they are not treated folksily.

But is it too late to do something about these recognized tendencies? After all, a tendency is essentially ductile. No, I think it is not too late—certainly not in the valleys I have in mind. The summer people can take counsel together or can commune with their own souls and can turn from their ways if they think that those ways incline toward harmfulness. They can become simpler in life and in dress. They can remember that they are newcomers and that the spirit of the old, established tradition of the valley should be the norm, the standard by which the new society judges itself. They can cultivate neighborliness, that most precious achievement of villages, unknown to cities and large towns. They can refuse to give elaborate entertainments or to wear sophisticated clothes in their cottages. Above all, they can be folks and treat as folks the valley residents with whom they come in contact. They can keep the new social order from overruling the old.

The residents, on the other hand, can refrain from exploiting the newcomers by charging them too much for land or berries or maple sugar or laundry work. That is their temptation, and perhaps their tendency.

The whole matter is worth sober thought and resolute decision. For it involves the welfare of one of the most beautiful and honorable regions in the world. Those who have inherited it from their fathers must not let it deteriorate, and those who have come to it recently must prove their love and admiration by helping it all they can. Working honestly together as folks, the native residents and the summer people can see to it that New England's new crop is worth raising.

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TWO REASONS WHY CALIFORNIANS DO NOT DISLIKE THEIR STATE

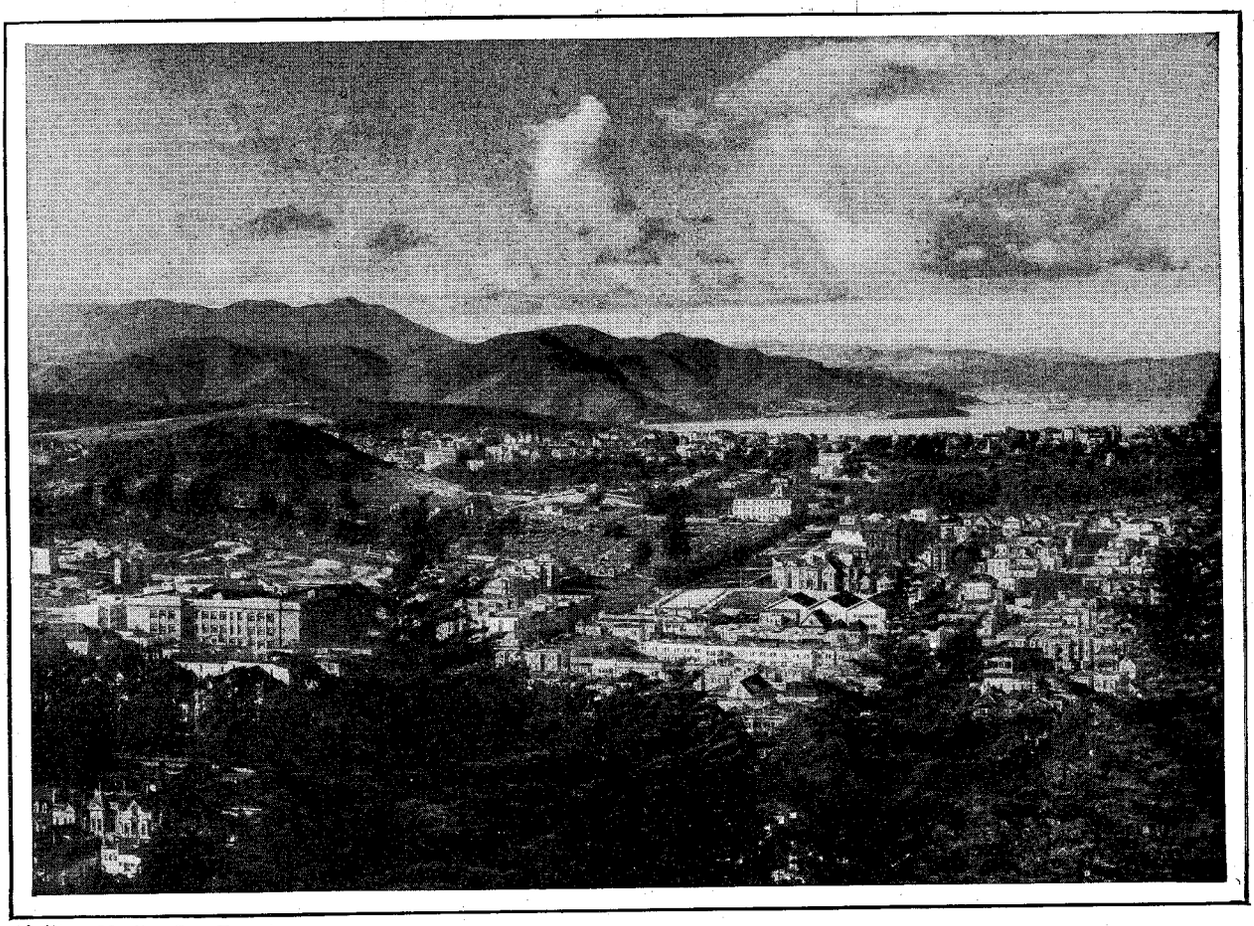

Photo by Moulin, San Francisco

SAN FRANCISCO, LOOKING ACROSS THE PRESIDIO TO MOUNT TAMALPAIS, NORTH OF THE GOLDEN GATE

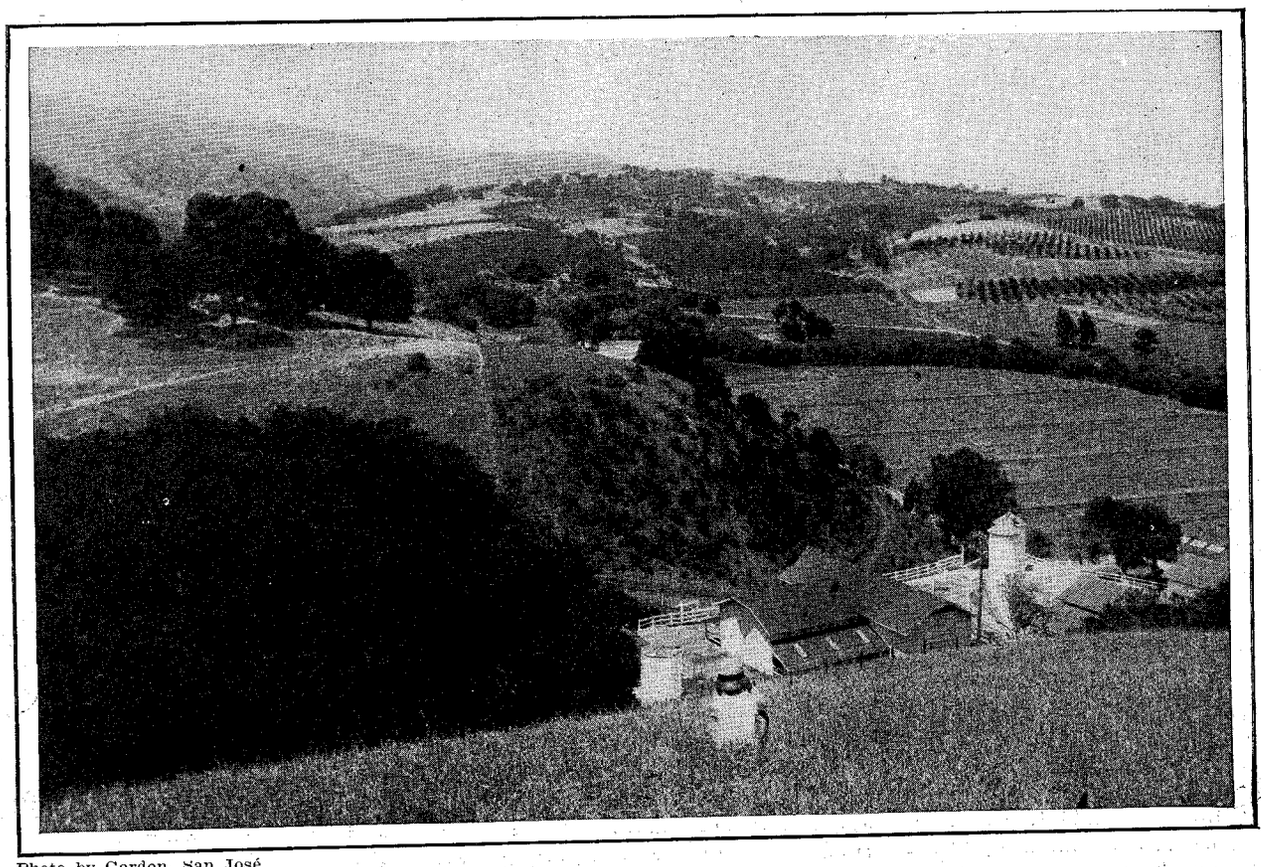

Photo by Gordon, San José

FOOTHILLS OF THE SANTA CLARA VALLEY

From Edgar Williams, San Francisco, California

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THE BOOK TABLE

THE CUPBOARD WAS BARE

BY JULIA HOUSTON RAILEY

IN a famous old bulwark of culture in a famous old American city the librarian of the Children's Room heard me out with a patience half melancholy, half humorous, that betokened the staleness of my complaint.

"Surely, this library ought to be headquarters for information about how to exhilarate American history for a bored boy," I told her, hopefully, thinking of the embattled ground upon which the building stood. "Help I must have," I explained. My son Edward had that morning informed me that he was "sick of Indians and George Washington too." He *hated* American history, and the story books about it were just as bad. Same old bunk they got in school all the time! Please, would I take back this junk (the "junk" being some books which a local librarian had picked out for us as samples of the best American historical fiction for juveniles) and bring him "Robin Hood" from the city to read over again. This was appalling. To be sure, I myself could not remember having been thrilled over American history, or having ever known any children who were; but that made me, in the perversity of the parent, the more desirous that Edward should be. I reiterated that this library should be able to solve my problem.

"It should," she agreed, but without conviction, I thought. "I'll show you what we *have*." And her shrug was that of the conscientious clerk whose stock is low.

Our way led through acres of current native juvenile fiction of a non-historical nature; shelves upon shelves of vari-colored serials and individuals. On one shelf the "Motor Boys" ramped over the surface of the earth. A few panels were occupied by simple "Bettys" and "Bobbys"—good for about twenty volumes apiece. I was appalled by the prevalence of twins, of all colors and nationalities, not to speak of little cousins, brothers, and sisters in great abundance. No race suicide in literary America, at any rate. Finally we reached history in its fictionized form. After one suspicious glance I groaned.

"But these are what I've *been* trying on him."

"Jack Ranger, the Lone Star Scout" —the title's imaginary, the genus a too, too solid fact—held forth in fifteen or more stout volumes. There were "Young Trailers" and "Young Pioneers" and "Young Puritans" and "Young Continentals," and some more young people, attenuated unto the third and fourth generations, evidently.

"And he won't read them?" she asked. "Most boys do."

I shook my head.

Her eye kindled. Had she not been such a dignified, professional person, I would have sworn that she grinned. Our glance met. We shook hands, mentally, with Edward. Before looting the shelves for buried treasures we paused to consider his case.

Edward is thirteen, a red Indian by nature and coloring, a pagan in ethics and culture. He lives in trees or a pond or on top of a bicycle when not under restraint, parental or scholastic. His only variation from the generic type, so far as I can discover, consists in his reading of more and better books than the other boys he knows, the chief reason being that he has been persistently and sympathetically provided with these books, and they have not. In mental attainment he is not their superior. He has a mind—in a condition as good as new. What it's for as a working tool he has not discovered, to the sodden despair of his arithmetic teacher. What interests him he pursues, works at, or reads. What instructs him, be it ever so sugar-coated, he ignores, when able. So far nothing essentially informational—scientific, historic, geographic—has interested him. Yet he has read, with elation, with chuckles of excitement breaking from him, the Iliad, the Odyssey, and the Æneid, Siegfried, Beowulf, the Arthurian cycle, Roland, even Cuchulain and the Finnish Kalevala, in stirring versions for children. He has gone straight and joyfully through Greek and Roman mythology, Norse saga, German folk and fairy lore and mediævalism; through English history and literature; through the magnificence of the French Courts—the medium those sumptuous, emblazoned French historical picture books "Par Job," "Par Robida," etc. He has made side excursions into the Far East, into Italy with "Pinocchio" and the legends, into "Hans Brinker's" Holland and the Irish fairyland. He has read numberless animal and adventure stories, and all the usual classics suited to his age. His knowledge of the habits and customs of cave men, whale hunters, and warriors of every nation and epoch is extensive; not to speak of his intimate friendship with vikings, crusaders, knights, heroes, kings, generals, and other notables. "The Iliad," he announced with enthusiasm, "is a swell book." It is his favorite. Achilles he maintains as champion-in-chief against all comers, from Launcelot to Napoleon.

However, the librarian and I decided, he is not a highbrow any more than he is a prodigy. Taste and discrimination he has, but it is involuntary, unconscious. So subtly did his reading fashion his standards that it was like a slow dawning of light. There now being sufficient light for him to see by, he perceives that white is white and black is black. That is all. His inability, then, to palpitate over the perils of college graduates hunting Inca treasures in the Andes with an airplane; his distaste for the flawless specimens of boyhood who stalk the frontiers to the terror of Indian tribes, or make glad the hearts of Revolutionary generals with their exploits—his exceeding scorn for this type of literature is no fair indication of literary snobbishness on his part and a classics complex. These books appear to him naïve and childish—he calls it "simple-minded," or false and unlikely, "tryin' to be funny [or something else] and not gettin' there."

One illustration will suffice. I was reading aloud to him with all the fervor at my command a story of pre-Revolutionary pioneering in "Old Kaintuck." The nature descriptions were good, the craftsmanship conscientious, the book of a series starred by librarians and book lists everywhere as leading to the reading of Cooper. I was quite hopeful. There was one of those flawless "bronzed" heroes, however, by name Henry Ware. Henry had a strange, atavistic yearning for the savage life. When captured by the Indians and held for more than a year, he took to their ways like a redskin born. His enemies at the settlement hinted darkly of deliberate defection. At length escaping, Henry returned to the settlement just on the eve of an Indian attack from the forest. The settlers are outnumbered, the fort in fearful danger. All seems lost. In the midst of it Henry is discovered to be missing. The sneering wiseacres wagged their heads over him. Humph! Gone Indian, again! Deserting his own in their crisis! And so forth.

Outside the fort, just out of range of its rifle fire, rises a sentinel tree—a lone oak, or pine, or something. Indian scouts, who have climbed it, pour a deadly rain of arrows down from its branches into the inclosure of the defenders. There is no cover. Confusion spreads. Suddenly an In-

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dian pitches headlong from the tree. Dead, without visible cause. Another falls. Ah, an arrow! Amazement reigns. Some unknown friend outside? Who *can* it be?

At this point Edward drawled satirically: "And what d'you think? It was little Henry, all the time."

The librarian chuckled outright over this, and it was necessary to recall her to the business of the moment. We began going through the stacks, series upon series of volumes, with a running fire of commentary and description from her. Some I had previously studied in hunting down samples for Edward's consumption. One type, the descendant of the "Henty Books," now *passés*, is ballasted with the heavy sand of historical fact—whole sections of it cribbed from the histories and laden with battles and dates. The children would blithely skip and go on if the oases between were not so arid; for the writer of this kind of book has an encyclopædic cast of mind that repels. He is no stylist. The Henry Ware type, with its weaknesses, has been described. It is common, being more or less well done. But for the most part gentle dullness, the lack of that golden quality of the born story-teller which glints through the clod of realism, prevails, together with a certain nagging motive to instruct the youthful reader, or make him patriotic, or induce his imitation. Mediocrity, in other words, and dead levels. (We had not yet got to the buried treasure.)

I envisaged the multitude of homes and libraries whose shelves are banked with these serialized brain wanderings of indefatigable ladies and gentlemen writing away with one eye on juvenile uplift and the other on the potent royalty. I—but I rave. I grow libelous and acidulated. Some one will prosecute me for slander, for I haven't even read these works of which I rave. I've only tried to.

Just as I have tried to glow with interest over Edward's history lessons:

> Fortunately, one source of dispute had been adjusted at the time The Articles of Confederation were adopted. This was the ownership of the Northwest territory. The people of Maryland had done great service to the country by insisting that all conflicting claims to the Ohio country be given up to the General Government.

I (*seeking order and light*). Edward, what did the Articles of Confederation provide?

Edward (*indignantly*). Aw, hey! That ain't *in* the lesson. We had that yesterday. You just ask what's in it, and let's get through with it.

George Washington Edward did not admit to his private Round Table of Heroes. That cherry tree episode had "queered" the General with him for good and all. When will they expurgate Mr. Weems from our records? Mad Anthony Wayne, Light Horse Harry Lee, were merely names to be remembered. He yawned over the entire Revolution, in fact, and was bored by Bunker Hill Monument. It is all very sad, because his fellows are in like case, and something is wrong somewhere. Perhaps Mr. Van Loon or Mr. Edward Yeomans and other rebels will yet tell us, constructively, what. It is too easy for the laity to throw verbal bombs in turn at text-book makers, school boards, teachers, and teacher-training schools.

But, until wholesale reform in method sweeps away the mold and cobwebs, all that a feeble parent can do is to fictionize dull fact for a youngster and make it come alive. Story-telling does it in part. Mary Johnston's "To Have and to Hold," when retold, illuminates Virginia, for example, as the tale of Miles Standish does Plymouth. But one's stock of novels to retell runs dry, and one reaches out for books.

And now we come at last to the buried treasure on those musty, dusty shelves, brought into daylight by that librarian and me—books like Beulah Marie Dix's "Soldier Rigdale," a little mischievous tale that actually freshens the Mayflower and the Pilgrim Fathers; like John Bennet's "Barnaby Lee," a superb picture of the Dutch occupation in America, which is only a shadowed background for a gallant tale; like Howard Pyle's romance of pirates, kidnappers, and plantations in colonial Virginia, "Jack Ballister's Fortunes." There was the red gold of piracy, too, in Stephen Meaders's "The Black Buccaneer" and Ralph Paine's "Blackbeard, Buccaneer," those brethren of the black flag who operated off our coast. G. I. Whitham pictured a chivalric Raleigh and made that gentleman far more than a name to us in his collection of historical tales, "Shepherd of the Ocean," a book like a shining, emblazoned shield quartered with varied devices.

Two yarns of the Revolution, Weir Mitchell's "A Venture in 1777" and Lisle's "Diamond Rock," just above the average, I did succeed in injecting. John Fox, Jr.'s "Erskine Dale, Pioneer," suggested as a novel within reach of thirteen, was disappointing in characterization and style, marred by a crudity and lack of ease that queerly communicates itself even to a boy. If there be a juvenile masterpiece upon the Revolution, we have not found it. We are still searching, about to read Molly Elliot Seawell's "Little Jarvis," "Paul Jones," and "A Virginia Cavalier," which appear good from the outside. Our librarian tells us that Mr. True writes better serials than the others, and, though skeptical, we shall assay him.

But oh, dear me, what a dearth and a drought in a land of plenty of subject-matter! Beside the rich flood of historical fiction about Europe, what a paltry trickle! Howard Pyle, who did everything, it seems to us, just a little better than any one else in his field, or rather fields, was patriotic enough to indite one native tale. But the rest of them shamelessly desert their homeland for adventures overseas. Perhaps they, too, in their time have been bored by Benjamin Franklin's kite and George Washington's father's cherry tree. One never really gets over them.

There was Thomas Nelson Page's "Two Little Confederates" of course, and Civil War stories to supplement are always easy to tell. There are a few notable historical books to come—Kingsley's "Westward Ho," Cooper, I hope, and Weir Mitchell's "Hugh Wynne"—as a transition to the novel-reading age, when a fairly extensive vein will be struck. There is "Huckleberry Finn," to me the "great American novel," for Edward to read from sixteen to sixty. But he could accommodate more of them, now and later. So could all the other Edwards.

And my conclusions? My thesis, theme, and proposal for reform? My constructive recommendations to meet this shameful situation? "Ah, hey! That ain't *in* the lesson."

THE NEW BOOKS

BIOGRAPHY

LIFE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN (THE). By Ida M. Tarbell. Illustrated. The Macmillan Company, New York. $4.

We have repeatedly had occasion to recommend Miss Tarbell's Life of Lincoln as desirable for those who cannot well obtain the Nicolai and Hay work. A new edition in a single volume makes it even more convenient as a book for the home library. It is clearly and interestingly written, and its study of Lincoln's career, his character, and his traits is exceedingly good.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

MY NESTORIAN ADVENTURE IN CHINA. By Frits Holm. Illustrated. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. $3.50.

This is a popular account of the adventures of a Danish explorer and scholar several years ago in making and bringing to America a replica of the celebrated Nestorian Monument erected by Christian missionaries in China in the eighth century. The replica is now in Rome, it having unfortunately been better appreciated there than in this country. Dr. Holm's book is written in lively and entertaining style, and is one of the most readable of recent books on China.

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"THEY ARE HAPPY MEN WHOSE NATURES SORT WITH THEIR VOCATIONS"—*BACON*

THE THINGS MEN LIVE FOR

THIS yearning of every man to be his own boss—

To work, not in drudgery but with enthusiasm, for himself—

To awake in the morning with the thought: This day is my own; whatever I make of it is *mine*—

For these things most men live. The hope of them is never wholly put away.

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That the average man can without difficulty realize this hope has been demonstrated nowhere more convincingly than in the great poultry regions of the Pacific Northwest.

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Nowhere in the United States are conditions so favorable to highly successful poultry farming as in large areas of the Pacific Northwest. The climate is mild and even. There is a remarkable freedom from disease among fowls. The housing problem is minimized. And the result is a remarkable egg production, in winter as well as summer months.

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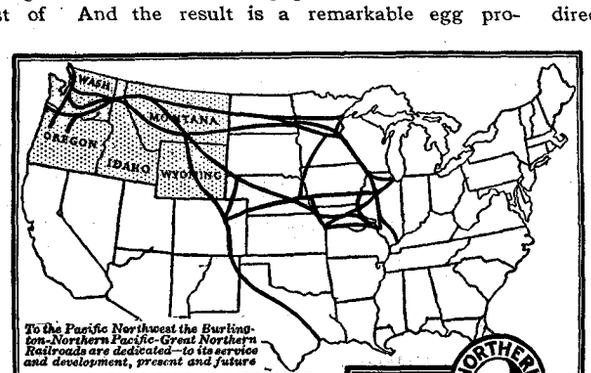
Moreover, the swift development of a young, rich region's vast resources will contribute directly to that success. The Pacific Northwest is growing five times as fast as the rest of the United States. You will grow with it. You will share the fruits of the great future.



Write for free book

If you want further reliable information on poultry raising in the Pacific Northwest and how to make a start in it, write for the free booklet, "A Business of Your Own in Poultry land." Address: P. S. Eustis, Passenger Traffic Manager, Chicago, Burlington & Quincy R. R., Chicago, Ill.; A. B. Smith, Passenger Traffic Manager, Northern Pacific Ry., St. Paul, Minn.; A. J. Dickinson, Passenger Traffic Manager, Great Northern Ry., St. Paul, Minn.

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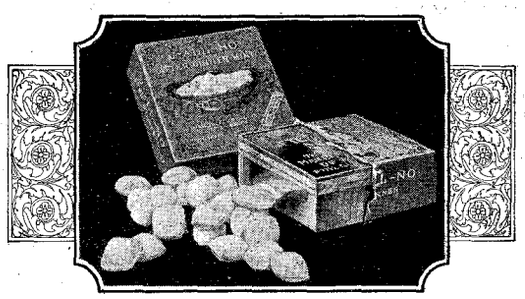

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Pyorrhea menaces the body as well as the teeth. Not only do the gums recede and cause the teeth to decay, loosen and fall out, but the infecting Pyorrhea germs lower the body's vitality and cause many serious ills.

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Forhan's For the Gums will prevent Pyorrhea—or check its progress—if used in time and used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's will keep the gums firm and healthy, the teeth white and clean. Start using it today. If gum shrinkage has set in, use Forhan's according to directions, and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

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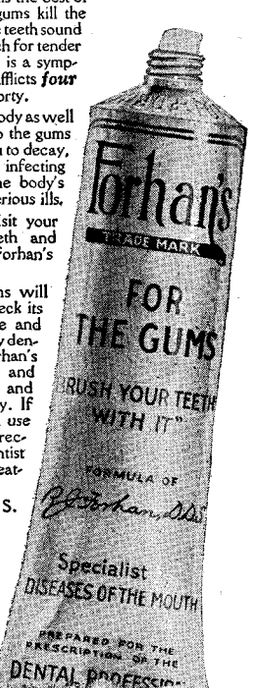

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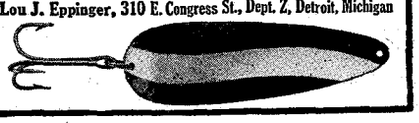

CONTRIBUTORS' GALLERY

ERNEST HAROLD BAYNES was born in Calcutta, India, about fifty-five years ago, and after spending his early childhood in England he came to this country at the age of twelve. For the past twenty-two years he has devoted himself to writing and lecturing, chiefly on American natural history and the protection of birds and animals. He is the author of a plan for the preservation of American buffalo which was adopted by the American Bison Society (of which Mr. Baynes is the founder) and the organizer of the Meriden Bird Club in his home village of Meriden, New Hampshire. In 1919 he went abroad as special correspondent for "Harper's Magazine," and came back with the story of the part played by animals in the World War. He is now writing a book on this subject, and has already published "Wild Bird Guests," "Polaris, the Story of an Eskimo Dog," and other volumes.

ELIZABETH WASHBURNE WRIGHT, well-known writer and authority on the opium traffic, gives us in this issue some further information concerning this most vital and pressing of problems.

ISABEL FISKE CONANT is a New York poet, prominent in the Poetry Society of America and in the literary undertakings of the Women's University Club.

ARTHUR RUHL is a graduate of Harvard University. He has held posts on the staffs of the New York "Evening Sun," "Collier's Weekly," and the New York "Tribune," and has been sent as correspondent to France, Belgium, the Baltic States, Central Europe, and Russia.

ZEPHINE HUMPHREY (Mrs. Wallace Weir Fahnestock) writes us feelingly from the charming village of Dorset, Vermont, where the question of summer migrants is a pertinent one. Mrs. Fahnestock has written numerous books, among them "Recollections of My Mother," "The Grail Fire," and "The Sword of the Spirit."

ROBERT HALE, the author of "Oxford Again," is an Oxford man who recently returned to the University for a visit. He is now practicing law in Portland, Maine.

MARTHA GUERNSEY is an instructor in the Department of Psychology of the University of Michigan.

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An advertisement that dared to be frank

FINALLY, one day it dawned upon him. A magazine advertisement brought him the truth—the truth that his friends had been too delicate to mention.

The advertisement talked about halitosis (the scientific term for unpleasant breath) and about how halitosis may so often be overcome by the simple use of Listerine as a gargle and mouth-wash.

The message made him think. And the incident wrought quite a change in him. Immediately he seemed to have better command of himself—more poise, self-confidence and assurance—and more friends!

Listerine advertising has done the same thing for many people. Fastidious men and women everywhere, in fact, are making the regular use of Listerine as a gargle and mouth-wash a regular part of their daily toilet routine.

It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic that has been in use for years for surgical dressings, possesses these peculiar properties as a breath deodorant. It halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean.

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For HALITOSIS use LISTERINE

FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

"THE BUDGET SYSTEM"

MUCH has been said in the newspapers recently about the saving to the country accomplished as a result of the operation of the budget system instituted by President Harding. The results obtained are really astonishing, and the praise heaped upon the President and his Administration is richly deserved; our National treasury shows a substantial surplus, instead of the huge deficit so many people predicted and feared. It is to be hoped that the appeals of misguided persons who wish immediately to spend this surplus will fall on deaf ears. The Government's expenditures and receipts are at last upon a businesslike basis, and it would not be businesslike to spend the surplus, just because it is a surplus.

We as a people have always been considered extravagant and wasteful. It cannot be denied that our Government has set us a bad example at times, and we have followed it. Now that it has set us such a good example, however, we have no excuse for not emulating this new policy, and if it works well in its case there is every reason to believe it will be just as successful in our own. We used to expect the Government to be wasteful, but it has demonstrated under exceedingly difficult conditions what intelligent planning can accomplish, and a lesson has been given the country which it may well take to heart. If the Government can make both ends meet, and better, why can't we? It is not difficult to make up a budget, but it takes nerve to live up to it sometimes. Private business has always made use of the budget system; now that the Government has adopted it and is successfully carrying it out, there is no reason why it should not be put into operation in every home. Curiously enough, many men who would not think of not using it in their businesses do not consider it workable in their domestic affairs. But it is.

We understand that there is a bank in New York City with a special department for making up family budgets. This department was organized originally with the idea of aiding widows who were depositors to manage their financial affairs, to live within their incomes, and to help them invest their surplus funds. It has been exceedingly successful and has been enlarged until now it really does a tremendous business. People go there, lay their financial cards on the table, and with the help of men who have made an extensive study of the subject make out a budget for the ensuing year. Results, we are told,

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SMALL SUMS saved systematically run into big money when interest is compounded at 6½% or 7%. Between the vigorous age of 25 and the retirement age of 65 a man can amass more than $22,000 simply by making a first payment of $10 and then putting aside $10 a month under our Investment Savings Plan.

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Another important feature is our MONEY BACK GUARANTEE of principal and savings bank interest that protects you if for any reason you are unable to complete your purchase. You are not required to make monthly payments if it is more convenient for you to pay at longer intervals.

Give some thought and study to this question of systematic saving. Let us send you our illustrated booklet, "How To Build An Independent Income." It will be sent free of charge and without obligation, and you will have the satisfaction of knowing that it comes from a House that has a record of *50 years of proven safety in the Nation's Capital.*

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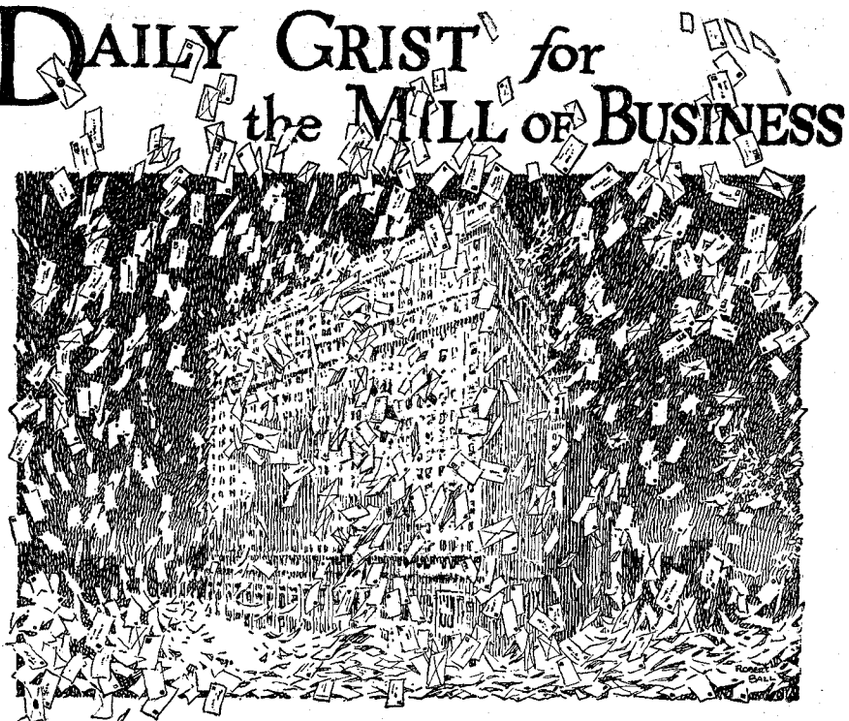

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FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT
(Continued)

have been more than gratifying, and the people who have tried it out are, to say the least, enthusiastic.

There are very few people who cannot estimate pretty accurately what their income is going to be. And just as a business to be successful must earn more than it spends, so should a family live within its means and have a surplus at the end of the year. Micawber was one of the most enthusiastic proponents of this practice; but, like many of us, he never practiced what he preached, in spite of the fact that his sermons on this subject were full of hard common sense.

Perhaps a good method of incorporating the budget system in a family is to begin by keeping a detailed record of all expenditures; keep this record for two or three months, or whatever period is necessary for an accurate estimate. Most people will find, like a friend of the writer's, that an astonishing percentage of income goes for the frills of life, the little luxuries and extravagances, and being cramped for funds is not usually due to the high cost of necessities, but to carelessness in small extra expenditures which in the aggregate mount up surprisingly. The budget system is designed to stop the leaks, the many small leaks which combined together increase the load of the domestic ship so tremendously.

Every family, like every business, has certain fixed charges which must be borne; there are rent, food, heat, light, clothing, education, insurance, and other items which cannot be evaded. The problem is to find out what percentage of income must go to pay for each of these things, and then see what is left over for amusement, for doctors, dentists, for emergencies, and for savings. All well-planned budgets should provide for savings, the protection every family needs against the probable rainy day. Yes, and taxes must also be taken into consideration. Each item has its special appropriation, and must not be exceeded. In order to make the budget workable records of expenditures must be kept and charged against the proper account. This means a certain amount of bookkeeping and trouble which many people are unwilling to assume, or, having started, fail to keep up after a little time. But results are certain to justify the trouble, as people who have undertaken the job and stuck to it are willing to testify. The people who have availed themselves of the services of the bank referred to are said to be, without exception, more than pleased with results. They are living within their means, and can face the monthly bills with courage and confidence; they are freed from financial worry, a worth-

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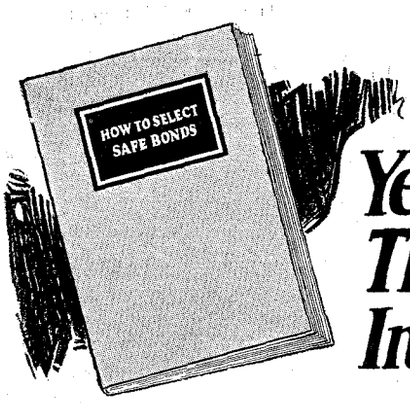
while consideration in itself; and they are saving and investing money, which means increased income. There is nothing wrong with the plan at all.

We have all heard how large a percentage of his income a man should spend for rent, for clothing, for amusement, and so on. With most people the item of rent is already known, determined for them usually, and with this item as a basis on which to work there is no reason why each family cannot make up its own budget. In planning it it is well to make certain that every item is covered, and it is better to overestimate expenditures than to be too optimistic and find that the amount needed was placed too low. And saving should be regarded as an item of expense just as much as food, and not looked upon as a fund from which loans can be made at any time to make up deficits under other headings. The reason so many family budgets fail is because the families are not honest with themselves; they falsify their accounts and commit breaches of bookkeeping practice that would cost them their positions were they working for some one else. But if they will live up to the rules of the game they will find that it is a real game, the winning of which brings its own reward.

Not the least of the benefits accruing from the adoption of a family budget is the effect it has on the children. Habits of thrift and system formed early usually endure, and as an indication of the importance of these habits in the minds of bankers we quote recent figures given out by the Savings Bank Division of the American Bankers Association: The school savings bank movement has systems in operation in 5,339 school buildings, there are 1,543,406 pupils participating in them as depositors, with bank balances amounting to over $14,000,000. This is an average of only slightly over ten dollars a pupil, but the aggregate means $14,000,000 added to the wealth of the country. Suppose the 20,000,000 families in the United States, by means of the budget system, saved an average of $100 apiece a year; think what that would mean. Money saved is money available for productive enterprise, a sheer gain which reacts to the benefit of every individual.

The budget system means regular saving. We know a man who adopted it some years ago and as one item put down building and loan shares. He now owns his home and laughs at the high rents and housing difficulties of his friends. Moreover, he is frank to admit that unless he had started to save regularly and systematically he never could have accomplished what he has, and credits his present happy situation entirely to the budget system. What one has done others can do too.



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Special rates for the summer months.
The management makes every effort to have guests regard this hotel as a real *home* while in New York.
The hotel is convenient to subway, elevated, and surface lines going to all parts of the city as well as the Fifth Avenue bus line, running the whole length of the world's most famous thoroughfare.
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Directly in the fashionable club and shopping section. Within five minutes' walk to all principal theaters. A high-class hotel patronized by those desiring the best accommodations *at moderate cost.* Special *summer rates.*
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300 rooms, each with bath. Absolutely fireproof. One block to 72d St. entrance of Central Park. Comfort and refinement combined with moderate rates. Send for illustrated booklet J.

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IT'S COOL AT
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For further information write
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BY THE WAY

FISH stories are in season, and this one from the Rochester (N. Y.) "Democrat and Chronicle" is accompanied by a photograph showing both boy and mullet:

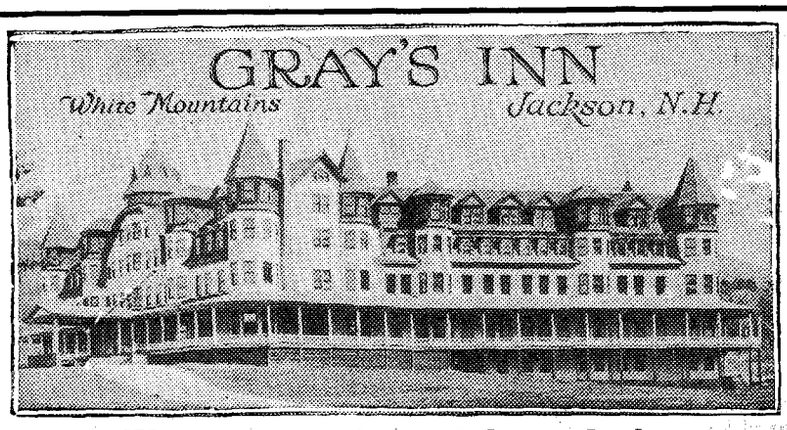
> Joseph Davis, seven years old, of No. 19 Eddy Street, when watching a couple of fishermen on the banks of the Genesee, was seized with a desire to do some fishing on his own hook. He borrowed two worms from the men he had been watching, cut a limb from a tree and then stuck the worms on a bent pin which he had attached by a string to the branch and cast them into the water. He had waited only a few minutes when something jerked his line, nearly dragging the youngster into the water with it, but he deftly maneuvered the pole until he landed the fish, a mullet lacking only two ounces of weighing five pounds.

Another feather in the cap of the barbless hook!

From the Paris "Le Rire:"

"Ah, when shall we really have sex equality? I have had enough of this being bossed by women."

"His father was a tripe-dresser in Crumpet Alley, Birdcage Walk, Bethnal Green, in the east of London." This sentence is not taken from one of Dickens's novels, but from a New



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Modern buildings; living, billiard, dining, and gun rooms, kitchen and 10 bedrooms, 4 large fireplaces, running water. Completely furnished minutest detail. Would make magnificent gentleman's club or Dude Ranch. Fishing and shooting unexcelled. Must sacrifice. Details and photographs on application.

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Unusually Good Fishing, Home comforts, in quaint, artistic home for sale on Lake Androscoggin, Maine. Big electric-lighted barn for boys' or girls' camp. Owners, 135, Outlook.

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WANTED—Refined woman, motherless home, to take charge two children and manage servant. Private home, Newark, N. J. Wages fifty dollars. References exchanged. 3,971, Outlook.

WANTED—Young woman to keep house for small family of adults in New York City. Share family life. Sunny south room. Time to carry half year's college credits. 3,974, Outlook.

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NURSERY governess between 30-45 for two girls, 2½ and 8½. Winter address, Princeton, N. J. Must be thoroughly responsible, experienced woman with excellent references. Write fully to Mrs. Donald Smith, Montrose, Pa.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Professional Situations

PASTOR'S assistant. Young man, eleven years' Y. M. C. A. training and experience, wife six years Y. W. C. A. secretary, wishes to leave three years' managerial business to re-enter distinctly Christian work as pastor's assistant. Best of references. 3,979, Outlook.

Business Situations

COLLEGE woman with experience in music departments of A rank colleges, seeks position where one of her qualifications is needed as an executive, as well as educationally and socially. Personal interview may be had in New York City. Reply 3,977, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

CULTURED young woman as companion or social secretary. Well educated. References. Address 3,938, Outlook.

COMPANION—Middle-aged refined lady desires position as companion. Superior references. 3,944, Outlook.

REFINED, educated woman desires engagement as housekeeper-housemother in school or camp, would manage gentleman's home and children, or any position where executive ability is desired. 3,973, Outlook.

SOUTHERN gentlewoman, college graduate, social experience, desires position—social secretary, chaperon, companion, housemother—where executive and business ability would count. Would travel. 3,975, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

TUTOR wishes position beginning September. 3,888, Outlook.

TUTORING for college entrance desired by Princeton graduate. Experienced. 3,976, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a very thorough nurses' aid course of six months is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Monthly allowance and full maintenance is furnished. For further information address Directress of Nurses.

BOYS wanted. 500 boys wanted to sell The Outlook each week. No investment necessary. Write for selling plan, Carrier Department, The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Ave., New York City.

HOME school for children summer months. Berkshire foothills. Music, art, dancing, outdoor activity, tutoring. 3,309, Outlook.

WANTED—Young women to take 9 months' course in training for the care of chronic and convalescent invalids. Apply Superintendent, F. E. Parker Home, New Brunswick, N. J.

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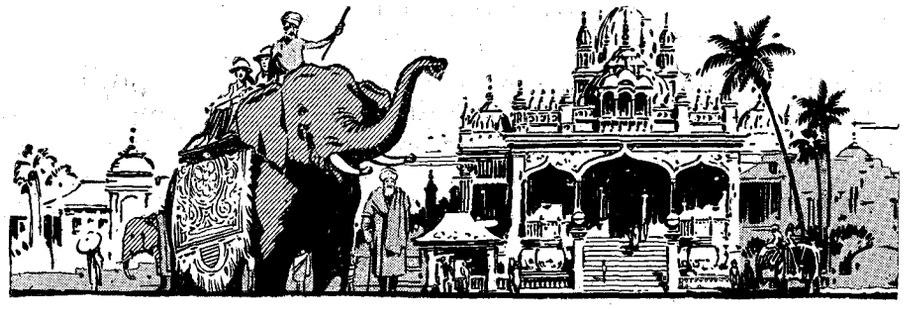

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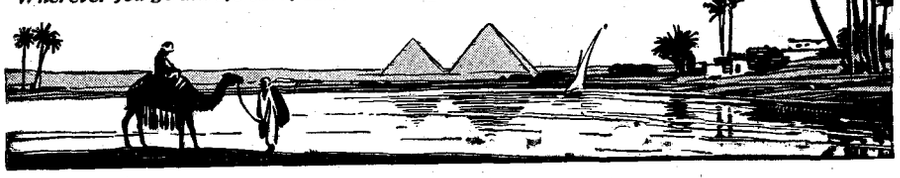

York City paper of current date. It refers to a poor stowaway who had come to America to make his fortune, had lost his money and courage, and wanted to go home on a liner. He had been put ashore, reporters heard his story, and a kindly longshoreman promised to find transportation for him on a freighter. His tears were dried, and at last accounts he was on his way back to Crumpet Alley, where it is to be hoped the prodigal son's welcome will await him.

From the "Michigan Gargoyle:"

Guest—"Waiter, this steak is like leather and this knife is dull."

Waiter—"Strop the knife on the steak."

The guileless schoolboy's love of the circus and his consequent undoing are aptly illustrated in an article on "Reminiscences of a Middle-Western School" in the "Atlantic." When the circus entered the town, the "lion-tamer" appeared before two of the boys. He was clothed in rags and tags. He explained that the lions often playfully clawed him and ruined his clothes. He appealed to the boys to get him some of their dads' old clothes. The boys rose to the occasion and robbed the family clothes-closet. The man was deeply grateful. The boys were to come to the big tent at one-thirty sharp, and the "lion-tamer" would pay them for the clothes and have passes for the best seats in the circus. "Twenty years ago," says the writer, "this wretched man disappeared; and since that time, every 17th of July—if I happen to think of it—at 1:30 P.M. sharp, I wish that he may come to no good end."

From the Johns Hopkins "Black and Blue Jay:"

Tim—"Why do authors say a smile crept over her face?"

Jim—"Because they are afraid if it went any faster it might kick up a dust."

"The old church in Newport which Washington attended was Trinity, not St. George's," a correspondent writes in correction of an article in The Outlook of June 27. "And it may be of interest to add that the chimney of the old house you picture is the same one which defied the efforts of the Whigs when, prior to the Revolution, the house was the residence of his Majesty's tax collector and a mob roped the chimney and tried to pull it down."

From "Punch:"

"Commercial Candor.—Grocer: 'If ever I sell you a bad egg, Mr. Clibbitt, you bring it back and I'll give you another one for it.'"

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